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PRICE

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Fabric cover
design by
PETROV

CHANNEL MAN

by . . .
JAMES NORMAN



"Sit down, Marcel. Look at the sea as if I weren't here," Alleyn ordered tersely.

W.H. DAVIS

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HE forgot danger for the moment. Or, perhaps it was because safety lay across the narrow strip of English Channel. The water cupped smoothly in the V between two bluffs, coppery in the dusk. Within an hour its tide would slip out—a swimmer's tide running towards the Goodwin Sands and Dover. Upon the higher ground to the left, an old whitewashed lighthouse was all that could be seen.

An intense nostalgia came over him as he drew from memory to fill in the rest. Hidden at the base of the ridge ahead were the red-tiled cottages of Gris-Nez, a handful at most, nestling around the tiny Hotel du Phare. Memory also threw in some odd tugging thoughts; hotel dining-room, photographs of channel swimmers on the walls . . . Old Marcel and Laura . . .

He jerked back, becoming tense and alert. This was no place for an Englishman to idle.

Alleyn glanced at his watch, then skidded down the back slope, following the tilting dunes. His powerful body moved with peculiar stealth for a man of his size. His solid face had been stained an Indian brown, as were his hands. His uniform was that of the Commandos—black, with a black skull-cap, blackened equipment and arms.

Only three days before he and a band of five had crossed the Channel from their Folkestone base, landed in Occupied France near Calais. Creeping up the night-bound beach behind the Casino, they had knocked out a sentry.

Alleyn had made his way to the enemy munition dump near the railway, overcome two more sentries, and taken his time planting the dynamite and touching it off with a grenade before retreating across the gare plaza. But on his way back to the beach he had been badly held up, hiding from enemy soldiers, and when he eventually did get back the Commandos' boat was gone.

He realised, almost without feeling, that he was stranded in enemy territory. It was then that his thoughts had turned to Gris-Nez, a short distance down the coast, and to Old Marcel. The old man could help him, if he would.

Now, as he skirted the dunes, moving towards the small cove where Marcel lived, he wondered. The past seemed so vivid, he felt a sharp twinge of emotion. He was glad, in a way, that the war was bringing the old man and himself together again.

For twenty years Marcel had been as much part of Gris-Nez as the stark white beach facing the channel. He had been the first Frenchman to swim it, and "The Sleeve," as the French call it, was his very life's blood. After the death of his Parisian wife he had built himself a shack by the cove, and brought his daughter, who was yet a child, to live there.

He purchased an inshore fishing boat, an open affair with a one-lung gasoline engine, and a makeshift whaleback of canvas at the bow for shelter. He began guiding swimmers across the channel.

He knew every inch of the channel. He read ripples and currents like a blind man fingerling braille. He made swimming a matter of timetable, and his brain was like an admiralty chart.

Not everyone trained by Old Marcel made the channel. Alleyn remembered only too well. But they came back each season, drawn by his daughter, Laura. Marcel was as guardedly jealous of the girl as he was of the channel. She had grown up to be a pretty thing—petite, very French.

As Alleyn moved cautiously up the curve of the bluff, he saw Marcel. The old man stood there motionless, his squat figure limned against the sky's glow.

It flashed through Alleyn's mind—the memory of how Old Marcel had exploded with burning rage the afternoon his daughter had run off, marrying an unsuccessful channel swimmer. Marcel had sworn he would never forgive nor see his daughter and the man again. The rage had tempered down to bitter-

ness and the old man had hardened with it.

Alleyn knew because it was to Alleyn that Laura had said, simply, "I love you. Some day, perhaps he'll understand that."

Reluctantly, he loosened the automatic in his shoulder holster and ran forward leaning low. To his right, and below, he saw the thatched roof of Marcel's hut down by the beach. Near it the warped boat lay like a gasping fish. He dropped down, crawling and using what cover the dune brush gave. He knew that the coastal watch in the lighthouse might see this far.

Halting behind the old man, grasping his ankle, he spoke in an even, terse French: "Prends garde, Marcel. Be careful. It's Alleyn."

The old man's leg trembled uncontrollably, then stiffened abruptly. Alleyn kept his grip and added: "Sit down, Marcel. Look at the sea as if I weren't here. Be natural understand?"

There came a moment of tenseness and indecision. Then Marcel sat down. His weather-beaten face and lips quivered. "Alleyn—" he repeated the name as though a thousand days of bound-up anger and bitterness found expression in it. Then explosively: "Where is Laura?"

"Safe. In Folkestone, across there."

"What do you do here?"

"I'm here helping you Frenchmen."

"What do you want?"

"Your boat," Alleyn replied bluntly.

Marcel stared at the younger man with rigid bitterness. "There's a guard at my cabin. The military and he watches the boat."

"Why haven't they confiscated it?"

Alleyn asked cautiously.

"They let me fish," the old man explained. "Each evening the guard goes with me. We fish for the officers at the lighthouse. I'm going fishing now."

Alleyn stood and gripped the old man's arm. "Listen. We're going to make the channel again. You and I. You want to see Laura, don't you? She's waiting."

Marcel jerked his arm free. Bluntly he said: "I can wait, too. The war will end. You took my daughter and now you want my boat. No. I'll keep it. Maybe Laura will come back if she's alone . . . When the Germans go, the swimmers will return, too. Then I'll show them the way across the water . . ." He paused, then added slowly, "But not you. You stay here as I do until the war ends. It's very lonely. You will know how I felt when you took Laura." He walked away.

Alleyn felt his nerves run cold. As the old man shuffled off, he wheeled quickly and ran to the sandy bluff flanking the sea. He moved fast, sliding to the beach below. Reaching it, he cut back towards the shack.

Directly ahead he saw the Nazi sentry, a motionless figure in the thickening mists.

Alleyn advanced with the padded silence of a jungle animal until he crouched less than a yard behind the man.

Suddenly he sprang upon him, striking mercilessly with his brown, stained fists. The man's knees buckled and he dropped senseless on the beach. Alleyn seized his carbine just as Old Marcel emerged from the mists.

Alleyn jerked the carbine towards the boat. He said bluntly, "Push it out, Marcel."

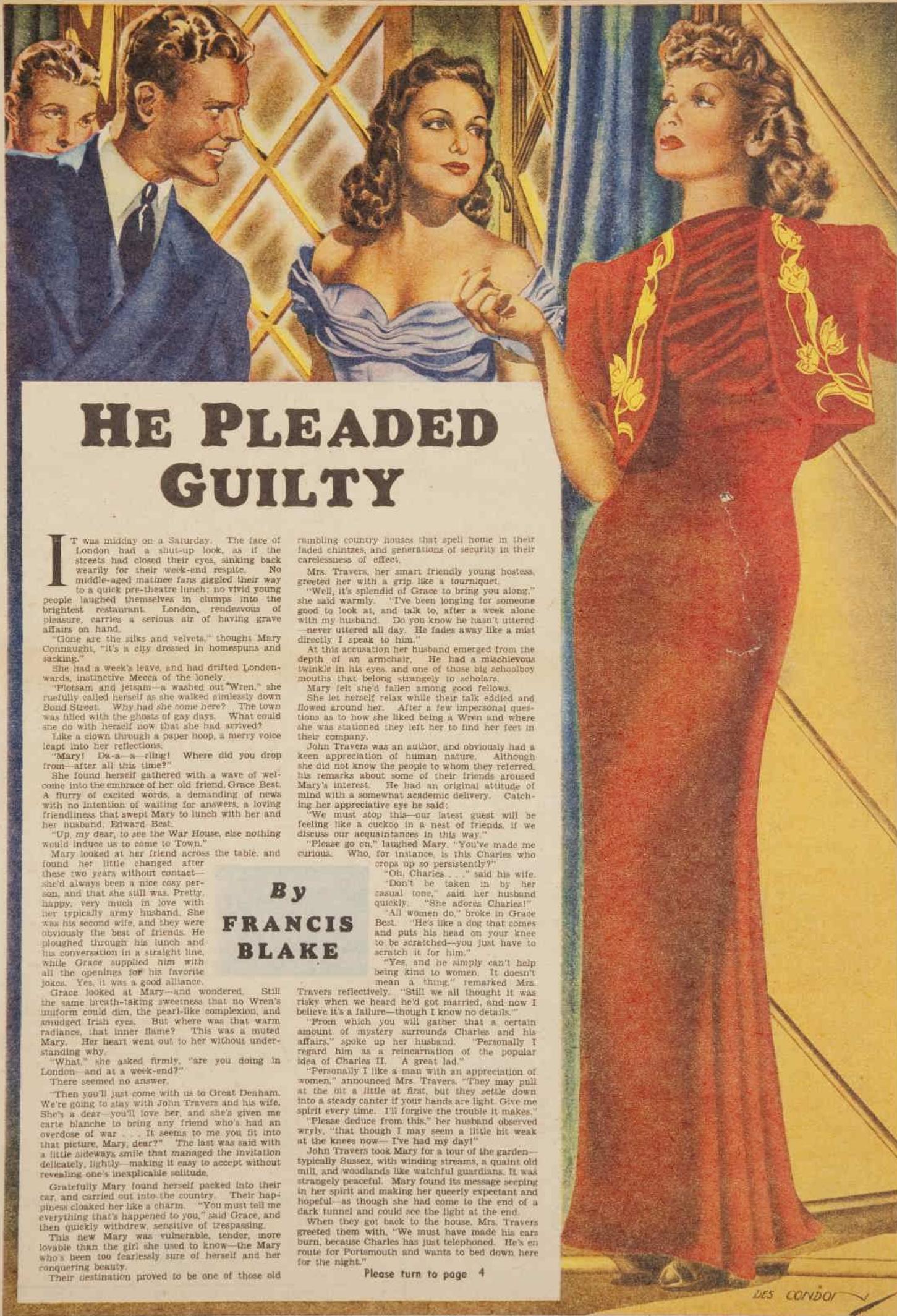
The mist was thick and full of chill. The motor throbbed unevenly, muffled by the oppressive invisibility. A cloying odor of gasoline hung with the boat. Old Marcel was forward, nursing the wheezing engine along with resentful silence. Alleyn eyed him carefully, aware of his increased bitterness. The old man was utterly cut from France now.

Suddenly the engine coughed, then stopped. Alleyn quickly picked up the carbine. "What's wrong?" he demanded. "Mine?"

There was a look of patient triumph on the old man's face.

"Pas d'essence," said Marcel. "No gasoline. There is only enough to reach mid-channel or return. I stopped the engine."

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HE PLEADED GUILTY

IT was midday on a Saturday. The face of London had a shut-up look, as if the streets had closed their eyes, sinking back wearily for their week-end respite. No middle-aged matinee fans giggled their way to a quick pre-theatre lunch; no vivid young people laughed themselves in clumps into the brightest restaurant. London, rendezvous of pleasure, carries a serious air of having grave affairs on hand.

"Gone are the silks and velvets," thought Mary Connaught, "it's a city dressed in homespun and sacking."

She had a week's leave, and had drifted Londonwards, instinctive Mecca of the lonely.

"Flotsam and jetsam—a washed out 'Wren,'" she ruefully called herself as she walked aimlessly down Bond Street. Why had she come here? The town was filled with the ghosts of gay days. What could she do with herself now that she had arrived?

Like a clown through a paper hoop, a merry voice leapt into her reflections.

"Mary! Da-a-a-rling! Where did you drop from—after all this time?"

She found herself gathered with a wave of welcome into the embrace of her old friend, Grace Best. A flurry of excited words, a demanding of news with no intention of waiting for answers, a loving friendliness that swept Mary to lunch with her and her husband, Edward Best.

"Up, my dear, to see the War House, else nothing would induce us to come to Town."

Mary looked at her friend across the table, and found her little changed after these two years without contact—she'd always been a nice cosy person, and that she still was. Pretty, happy, very much in love with her typically army husband. She was his second wife, and they were obviously the best of friends. He ploughed through his lunch and his conversation in a straight line, while Grace supplied him with all the openings for his favorite jokes. Yes, it was a good alliance.

Grace looked at Mary—and wondered. Still the same breath-taking sweetness that no Wren's uniform could dim, the pearl-like complexion, and smudged Irish eyes. But where was that warm radiance, that inner flame? This was a muted Mary. Her heart went out to her without understanding why.

"What," she asked firmly, "are you doing in London—and at a week-end?"

There seemed no answer.

"Then you'll just come with us to Great Denham. We're going to stay with John Travers and his wife. She's a dear—you'll love her, and she's given me carte blanche to bring any friend who's had an overdose of war. It seems to me you fit into that picture, Mary, dear?" The last was said with a little sideways smile that managed the invitation delicately, lightly—making it easy to accept without revealing one's inexplicable solitude.

Gratefully Mary found herself packed into their car, and carried out into the country. Their happiness cloaked her like a charm. "You must tell me everything that's happened to you," said Grace, and then quickly withdrew, sensitive of trespassing.

This new Mary was vulnerable, tender, more lovable than the girl she used to know—the Mary who's been too fearlessly sure of herself and her conquering beauty.

Their destination proved to be one of those old

rambling country houses that spell home in their faded chimneys, and generations of security in their carelessness of effect.

Mrs. Travers, her smart friendly young hostess, greeted her with a grip like a tourniquet.

"Well, it's splendid of Grace to bring you along," she said warmly. "I've been longing for someone good to look at, and talk to, after a week alone with my husband. Do you know he hasn't uttered—never uttered all day. He fades away like a mist directly I speak to him."

At this accusation her husband emerged from the depth of an armchair. He had a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and one of those big schoolboy mouths that belong strangely to scholars.

Mary felt she'd fallen among good fellows.

She let herself relax while their talk eddied and flowed around her. After a few impersonal questions as to how she liked being a Wren and where she was stationed they left her to find her feet in their company.

John Travers was an author, and obviously had a keen appreciation of human nature. Although she did not know the people to whom they referred, his remarks about some of their friends aroused Mary's interest. He had an original attitude of mind with a somewhat academic delivery. Catching her appreciative eye he said:

"We must stop this—our latest guest will be feeling like a cuckoo in a nest of friends if we discuss our acquaintances in this way."

"Please go on," laughed Mary. "You've made me curious. Who, for instance, is this Charles who crops up so persistently?"

"Oh, Charles . . ." said his wife.

"Don't be taken in by her casual tone," said her husband quickly. "She adores Charles!"

All women do," broke in Grace Best. "He's like a dog that comes and puts his head on your knee to be scratched—you just have to scratch it for him."

"Yes, and he simply can't help being kind to women. It doesn't mean a thing," remarked Mrs. Travers reflectively. "Still we all thought it was risky when we heard he'd got married, and now I believe it's a failure—though I know no details."

"From which you will gather that a certain amount of mystery surrounds Charles and his affairs," spoke up her husband. "Personally I regard him as a reincarnation of the popular idea of Charles II. A great lad."

"Personally I like a man with an appreciation of women," announced Mrs. Travers. "They may pull at the oil a little at first, but they settle down into a steady canter if your hands are light. Give me spirit every time. I'll forgive the trouble it makes."

"Please deduce from this," her husband observed wryly, "that though I may seem a little bit weak at the knees now—I've had my day!"

John Travers took Mary for a tour of the garden—typically Sussex, with winding streams, a quaint old mill, and woodlands like watchful guardians. It was strangely peaceful. Mary found its message seeping in her spirit and making her queerly expectant and hopeful—as though she had come to the end of a dark tunnel and could see the light at the end.

When they got back to the house, Mrs. Travers greeted them with, "We must have made his ears burn, because Charles has just telephoned. He's en route for Portsmouth and wants to bed down here for the night."

Please turn to page 4

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"POOR chap—he'll be put through the fifth degree I suppose, by his fond girl-friends here," said her husband mischievously.

"Not at all, but naturally I'm anxious to know what's happened to him," announced his wife determinedly, and to Mary. "We change for dinner or not—as you like."

Mary liked—she slipped into her red velvet dinner-frock with its gold embroidered jacket with a grateful sigh for a temporary return to the graces of peace.

Almost before she opened the sitting-room door she sensed a "lift" in the air. A new voice was leading the conversation—evidently Charles was there.

His back was turned as she entered, pausing hesitantly in the doorway, but he swung round to catch the picture she made framed in the oak of the doorway—the proud carriage of the head, the vivid color of her, so creamy, so deeply blue-eyed.

He stopped talking, and shot up straight as though on parade. It was a very good-looking length of man in naval uniform. An expression flitted across Mary's face that might or might not have been a smile, and Mrs. Travers collected them together.

"Mary, this is the famous Charles. Charles, let me introduce you to Mary Connaught—a first-time guest, and a frequent one, we hope."

There was a story in the lift of Charles' eyebrow. He had his own approach to Beauty, and this time it was to be guarded.

"Evidently, my lucky day," he said in a slow drawl. "I've always suspected Mrs. Travers of being an enchantress—she creates a magic circle."

"You've been a long time out of the circle, Charles. Have you been at sea all the time?" asked Mrs. Travers.

"At sea—or in it. I've just been torpedoed. I never did like sea balking," he answered casually with his eyes on Mary's face. It had a

fascinating stillness like a young deer-listening.

Mary was not at all sure of herself. As they sat round the golden lighted dinner-table she watched this man Charles picking up the threads of their personalities and weaving them into a pattern to suit himself. His vitality swept them along like rushing water. Mary felt like a pebble that refuses to be dislodged as she silently resisted his charm.

He knew it.

"And Miss Connaught—what does she think?" he broke off to ask with a glint in his dark eye. The subject under discussion was the impossibility of women remaining impersonal under any conditions.

Miss Connaught was wishful—nay, anxious—to see his point of view, but found herself outdistanced by his obvious knowledge of her sex. Gracefully, she ignored his challenge.

The evening mellowed into an intimate chairs-round chat, and Mrs. Travers burst bounds with her detailed question.

"Charles—tell me, my dear—your marriage. Is it true what I've heard?"

He was silent for a moment as if making up his mind whether to advance into the open, or to cover his retreat with humorous misstatement.

He chose the first, and in a dry, curt voice said, "All news travels apace! Yes, I married a girl with all the qualities, but she found I lacked the essential one as far as she was concerned."

"Which was?"

"Willingness to ignore the existence of all other women."

Grace took this up quickly.

"Surely that was only a little matter of adjustment. She was young, perhaps."

"Dear, soft Grace," thought Mary.)

"I'm afraid your eye was never

He Pleaded Guilty

Continued from page 3

made for the good of your soul, Charles," said Mrs. Travers affectionately.

He stretched his long legs out in front of him.

"That's just it—and she wanted me to wear blinkers. It couldn't be done. I need a woman to take me as I am," looking with mocking invitation at Mary.

Incorrigible and terribly attractive! Against her will Mary's glance melted in his, and then she quickly turned away. He had the power to electrify.

Then Mr. Travers intervened.

"I'm disappointed in you, Charles. I should have said to myself, 'Now, there's a man who will manage his wife with a movement of his little finger. His vast experience of women will teach him just when to purr, and just when to bark.' Having persuaded himself that he needed a pretty creature for every mood, he would hypnotise his loving wife into the sole desire to minister to his passing vanity, and be a background to his colorful career."

Charles accepted the neatly dealt flick with a likeable grin.

"You'll be sorry to hear, then, that I mismanaged sadly. It was a small thing, but it was gradually becoming a big one, so like a fool I tried to rag her out of it."

"How?" demanded the two wives in chorus.

He paused, and cocked a doubtful eye at the two other men.

"Speak up, Charles—you're on trial, you know."

"I take no credit for this—it was done with the devil in me."

Mary got up and moved herself out of the range of light.

He looked towards the patch of red that was her dress.

"We were stationed up in Scotland. I'd had a shore job for quite a spell. Naturally, we'd met a good few people in the neighborhood, and my wife had pulled me up about several of the women. I couldn't make her see they meant nothing, and I resented her possessiveness. So I thought I'd collect them all together—any she'd been jealous of—and then she'd understand that they meant nothing to me. Safety in numbers, in fact—that makes sense, doesn't it?"

They left him to continue.

"I told myself that such an array of sweet charmers would show my bride—a delightfully intelligent woman in the ordinary way—that it would be impossible to spread any real affection among so many, and that she'd realise how little they mattered in comparison to herself. I planned to laugh it all off with her afterwards."

A slight flutter passed over Grace and Mrs. Travers.

"So I invited a covey of them to dinner," said Charles blandly. "There were five of them. It was great fun. I enjoyed myself, I must admit."

"And your wife?" asked Grace.

"She took it very gallantly at the time. I really thought I'd proved my point. It was pride, though, kept her flag flying—she'd a lot of that. It was all or nothing with her."

"But when you explained?"

"I never got a chance to. Unexpected sailing orders came through that night, and when I got home again after three weeks at sea I found a note at our rooms.

"My congratulations. You couldn't have shown me more clearly the level of your regard. Good-bye. And to this day I haven't seen my wife."

He awaited their verdict. The bunch of his shoulders was guilty. He was pretty sure of Mrs. Travers and Grace Best, but what of Mary? Under his lashes he looked at her longingly, as though hoping to destroy an impression.

What did she think of his confession? Could she understand the mad, mischievous, puckish desire which had prompted this exhibition of independence?

His bravado left him like an ebbing tide before the quiet of her voice.

In her place I should have thought as she did—that you didn't rate her any higher than the rest."

"I hadn't seen it like that before."

The atmosphere was tense. Mrs. Travers rose to break up the evening.

"Pride and temper make sorry bedfellows," she said, "and it seems to me, dear Charles, that you were just showing off. I'd like to have a chance to talk to your wife."

"It's a chance I'd give a fortune for myself," he said seriously. "Miss Connaught," he turned to her appealingly, "would you console a grass widower by strolling with him in the garden? There's something about you that makes me feel you hold a secret I'd be wise to learn."

"Haw! Haw!" laughed soldier Best. "At it again."

They passed into enchantment. The moonshine was stealing about among the trees to give them a last tender kiss before covering them with its white blanket.

It caught at Mary's heart. She found herself led out by Charles as though in a dream. There was a silence between them as though to adjust themselves in this twilight between two worlds.

Then in the enveloping shadows he turned to her. The mantle of the kingly Charles had dropped away. It was a frightened, unhappy man who stood in her path.

"My darling wife . . . Mary—can I hope—at all? I've missed you so terribly. I long for you." He bowed his head. "I was such a fool . . . and I love you so."

Mary stood tense and still with her hands caught together as though to give herself control.

"And I, too. I shall always love you." They clung together. Her face tilted up to his, a single tear slipped down her cheek. An utterly defenceless little tear. "But, Charles. I'm afraid I shall always be an idiot—about other women."

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"Thank goodness I bought
'Viyella' and
'Clydella'
REGD.
REGD.

they last . . . and last . . . and last



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As Hugh gazed at the ships one thought dominated all others in his mind—escape.

BOTANY BAY

HUGH TALLANT comes to England after losing his father and home in the American War of Independence, joins forces with TOM OAKLEY, a highwayman, and is captured with him after a robbery. They are sentenced to transportation, together with NELLIE GARTH, who had sheltered them, and are shipped off to Botany Bay with the First Fleet.

On board the transport Charlotte, Hugh and DAN GOODWIN, a smuggler, are set to work as seamen. While at this work Hugh is befriended by MR. MUNRO, an American political prisoner, and his daughter, SALLY.

Also on board the Charlotte as prisoners are Tom Oakley's friends, NICK SABB and NED INCHING, and MR. and MRS. MORTIMER THYNNE, whose beautiful daughter, PHOEBE, has chosen to come to Botany Bay with them.

Now Hugh Tallant continues his narrative—

TOwards the end of October the Charlotte and her sister transports were crawling eastward, far beyond Capetown. Remembering the size of our convoy—eleven ships, all varying in seaworthiness and sailing qualities—our success in keeping together, in all kinds of weather, during so great a voyage, seemed no less than a miracle. Never since leaving England had any ship been separated from the others, but when we were six weeks out from Capetown four of the ships parted company by design.

Governor Phillip was anxious to arrive at Botany Bay in advance of the main body, so that he might look out the best site for the future settlement and get the work of clearing and preparing the land under way, and he transferred from the Sirius to the Supply, which was considered the faster ship.

Three of the better sailing transports, the Friendship, Scarborough and Alexander, were ordered to accompany him, and on the 25th of November, 1787, the two sections of the fleet parted company.

Thereafter came the most miserable part of a voyage that seemed destined never to have an end. In

the storms met with as we crossed the vast southern expanse of the Indian Ocean the seams of the upper deck opened up, and sea water trickled upon us night and day, until there was not a dry spot in the place, not a dry garment to wear. Scurvy made its appearance, followed by dysentery, until more than half our number were too weak and ill to stir from their bunks.

Most of the convicts were far sunk in a kind of hopeless apathy, careless as to whether they lived or died. Goodwin and I were grateful indeed for the blessed boon of hard work. We had scarcely a moment of leisure the day long; the others, with a few exceptions, had only their misery for company.

And now I come to an event that stunned and saddened me for many a day to come. Mr. Munro, whose health was delicate at the best of times, was taken with a slow fever shortly after we left the Cape, and confined to his cabin. As day followed day, and he made no appearance on deck, my anxiety increased, and I made bold to ask Surgeon White for news of his condition. The surgeon told me he was sinking

fast, and that he had little hope of his recovery.

I was deeply anxious then, and watched, hoping to have word with Sally, but she rarely appeared on the quarter-deck, and then only for a moment. I could see—at least, so I felt—that she had forgotten my existence, and a kind of bitterness filled my heart at the thought that she could consider me so indifferent to her father's welfare that it was not worth while to give me word of his condition.

But I quickly forgot my hurt pride in my pity and sympathy for herself, watching day and night in her father's cabin, with the shadow of death creeping ever closer.

I hoped against hope that her father would rally, but it was not to be. When the end came, Sally herself informed me of it. It was a still day, with the sky heavily overcast. I had finished some small

way where Captain Gilbert, one of his officers shielding the book from the rain, read the burial service. Sally stood by him, heedless of the rain, not looking at the body of her father, which lay at their feet, sewn up in a canvas shroud. I thought of her loneliness, her friendlessness. What could she do now?

She turned quickly and gazed out to sea as the men stooped to lift her father's body to the plank. When she turned again, it was gone.

On the morning of January 19 we sighted the coast of New South Wales, nearly twenty miles distant, stretching away to the north and south, as far as the eye could see.

It was a glorious morning. I felt my spirits rise at the sight of the vast continent before us. Presently we opened the entrance to Botany Bay and followed the Sirius in between the heads. There before us, to the relief and joy of all, we saw the brig, Supply, at anchor, together with the Alexander, the Friendship, and the Scarborough.

At first sight, the shores of Botany Bay wore an aspect of beauty and fertility, but we soon learned that the green meadows were morasses covered with coarse marsh grass, and that the rich vegetation of the wooded shores was rooted in mud. The bay itself afforded but indifferent anchorage, being exposed to the easterly winds, which sent a great sea rolling in between the heads.

And then we had our first view of black men. A dozen or more of the blacks emerged from the bush at the end of a low point. They were tall, lean fellows, stark naked, who looked as black as coal in the bright sunlight. They carried shields and were armed with long slender spears which they shook defiantly, shouting "Warawara! Warawara!" in deep harsh voices. The convicts yelled and hooted at them,

which only aroused them the more. Then came a most pleasing interruption. A dozen of us were ordered into one of the longboats.

"Off with ye, lads," said the boat-swain's mate. "Tis a watering party; ye'll have a rum ashore."

We sprang into the boat, delighted at our good fortune, and an officer and three marines took their places in the stern.

Goodwin was beside me on the thwart, and I could see the pleasure it gave him to have an oar in his hands. We pulled along the northern shore of the bay, rounded a blunt point and entered a creek bordered by marshlands. At last the boat grounded and we rolled our oars for a considerable distance to a drain which carried a good run of fresh water.

Two convicts, Jurd and Mawson by name, were given cutlasses and ordered to fetch bundles of the best grass they could find, for what sheep and cattle we had left were at the last extremity.

Only a man who has been eight months at sea, without once setting foot on land, could understand our emotions as we felt the earth beneath our feet once more. Flights of wild fowl traded up and down the bay; immense flocks of white cockatoos passed overhead, screaming and chattering harshly. At midday we were ordered to knock off for a bite of food.

Jurd and Mawson had disappeared among the trees a quarter of a mile distant after fetching in several loads of grass. Of a sudden we heard an outcry and saw the two men running towards us, pursued by three blacks, who halted and cast spears which flashed past the fugitives, missing them narrowly. A second party of blacks now burst from the woods, taking up the pursuit with angry shouts. Our marines were on their feet, muskets in hand.

"Quick, lads!" the lieutenant ordered. "Over their heads! Fire!"

Please turn to page 8

PAPER CHASE

By
LOIS MONTROSS

THE professor picked up a scrap of newspaper from the hearthrug, muttering something about Mrs. Cary's untidiness. It was a triangular scrap presumably torn from yesterday's "Gazette," which Mrs. Cary used every morning when she laid the library fire.

Idly, Professor Hayden glanced at the printed words. He was the kind of man who glances at any printed words, even on breakfast-food packages.

"One present is always a poison—" He read it again, with increasing irritation and perplexity.

All during breakfast he turned the annoying sentence over and over in his mind. It had no conceivable meaning, and he hated anything without meaning.

When Mrs. Cary brought in more coffee, he said abruptly: "Get me yesterday's 'Gazette,' please."

"It's in the fireplace, sir."

"I want it anyway," he said, studying the fragment of newspaper which he had placed beside the egg-cup.

She came back with the first sheets only. Nothing had been torn from them.

"Where is the back section?" he demanded with childish impatience. He was a crotchety eccentric, and he didn't care who knew it.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that I lined the garbage-bin with it last night."

"And the garbage was dumped out this morning, I suppose?" he asked, as if she had deliberately tricked him.

"On, yes, of course, sir. Is it very important?"

"No, merely annoying." He read aloud in his cool, precise voice, "One present is always a poison mixed with dried grain in a hollow gourd and the nail—What do you make of it?"

Her lips moved while she wiped red hands on her checked apron. "What did the gnat do?" she asked stupidly.

"That's exactly what we do not know, Mrs. Cary. It wasn't that kind of gnat, anyhow."

Now she was hopelessly muddled. "I shouldn't want that kind of a present, myself," she remarked, shaking her head. "Maybe it has something to do with those insurance murders—there was a poison ring and—"

"No, no. This is obviously one of those educational statements of fact which appear at the bottom of news columns."

"I don't find it educational," said Mrs. Cary stoutly. "And if I was you I shouldn't worry myself about it."

"I'm not worrying," he declared. "It's just that my curiosity has run away with me. I detest anything which appears to have no beginning or end."

"I should think there was more important things to be curious about," said Mrs. Cary succinctly. This was her own private little comment on the professor's odd lack of all human curiosity. When new people moved in next door she was bursting to see what kind of furniture they had, how many children, and if the madam was well dressed. But Professor Hayden scolded her for inquisitiveness. He didn't care who lived next door, just so long as they let him alone.

He never called on people—except the president and dean of the college—and he didn't want any callers, thank you. He had been downright frigid to the beaming little rector Professor Hayden had lived across from Miss Gaynor five years now and barely nodded to her in the street. She admired his scholarly

books, too, and had always hoped to meet him.

"It's getting on towards nine," Mrs. Cary added, looking at the clock which ticked loudly on the sideboard.

"Gracious!" he said, rising at once. "My hat and stick, please." He was unfailingly punctual.

Out on the street he kept fretting about that irritating sentence: "One present is always a poison mixed with dried grain—"

Then he did something most unusual. Watching from the kitchen window, Mrs. Cary drew a long, startled breath. He had turned in at the cottage on the corner where the nice young Gallups lived.

Little Mrs. Gallup was equally astonished. The professor had never stepped in before. What could he want? And oh, dear, she was in her old housecoat with the baby in her arms, and baby was crying at the top of his voice. He had earache, poor lamb.

"Won't you come in?" she asked nervously.

Professor Hayden spoke firmly above the racket. "I just wondered if you had yesterday's 'Gazette'."

"Oh, dear, I don't think—" she began, when the telephone on the hall table rang. There wasn't a chair in the tiny hall, and she didn't want to put Jacky on the draughty floor, and, as she later told her husband, she didn't know what came over her; she was so rattled. Professor Hayden found himself with a crying baby in his arms.

He had never touched a baby, let alone held one. gingerly he clutched a fat, strong, wriggling body while Mrs. Gallup carried on a painfully long conversation with her mother, who seemed to be deaf and asking the same fond questions over and over.

There was a sudden blessed relief from the noisy racket. The baby drew a shaky breath and stared in awful fascination right at Professor Hayden's spectacles. One fat hand flung out and made a daring grab.

"Now! Now!" muttered the professor in alarm; he retrieved the precious glasses just in time.

An expression of slow delight came over the absurd tear-swollen face. "Now, now!" repeated the child. "Now! Now! Now, now!"

He shook the young creature a little. It burst into laughter. It took hold of his nose. Hayden had the strangest sensation upon feeling those soft, cushiony fingers curving around his nose.

"Now, now!" he said nasally.

"Now, now!" replied the other in a happy gurgle. It was a beautifully clean little monster with talcum powder still in the creases of its plump neck smelling of a rose-like scent.

The mother finally took it out of Hayden's arms and said in amazement: "My, but you're a wonder with babies! He hadn't stopped crying all the morning. He's had dreadful earache."

Professor Hayden retreated hastily, but he couldn't help feeling a natural pride at having managed an infant so capably. "Now! Now!" he murmured absently to himself. "Now! Now!" That must have done the trick.

He began to wonder what babies think about, and just why the young savage had held his nose with such a gentle grip. Had it liked his long cold nose? Did it know its a nose? Very extraordinary babies.

After setting her professor's small house to rights, Mrs. Cary went across the street to take care of her



"I never imagined you were fond of parties, Professor," said Miss Gaynor, brightly.

Miss Gaynor. Miss G. was a wonderful lady who practised piano music mornings and worked afternoons as secretary to the dean of the music school.

She stopped playing and had her second cup of coffee when Mrs. Cary came in. Miss Beatrice Gaynor always liked to visit, and usually had a new joke about politics or such. She was around thirty, and had lovely warm brown eyes. She was tall and thin, and wore careless tailored suits which were always somewhat shabby.

If Mrs. Cary hadn't been watchful, Miss G.'s clothes would have lacked buttons and snaps, and she always wanted looking over to be sure her slip wasn't showing. But when she put her mind on dressing up for a concert, she could look really quite handsome.

Now Mrs. Cary said, "Land sakes,

A sentence fraught with mystery

what do you think my professor is fretting about now?"

"Couldn't say!" Miss Gaynor stirred her coffee and looked interested, as always.

"Yesterday's 'Gazette.' All because he found some foolish scrap of print torn out of it about presents and poisons and hollow gourds. He can't find the rest, and he's simply got to know the beginning and end of printed things."

"It must be terribly important," said Miss Gaynor. "Something to do with scientific research, perhaps."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Cary. "It doesn't have anything to do with anything. It's just that he can't bear to be balked."

"I wish I had yesterday's 'Gazette' about. But you know, my subscrip-

tion ran out. Let's see. Where could I get one for him? . . . Oh, of course."

"If I was you, I wouldn't bother, Miss Gaynor."

Miss G.'s brown eyes grew mischievous and merry. "It would give me an excuse you know, to call on my dear neighbor."

"He don't like callers!" exclaimed Mrs. Cary in alarm.

"We'll see," said Miss Gaynor, smiling into her coffee cup. "By the way, my sister sent me a wine taffeta dress of hers. I wish you would press it."

For the first time in eleven years, Prof. Bates Hayden was late in meeting his nine-o'clock class in economics.

His rascally students had not waited one second after the requisite ten minutes. He met them triumphantly clattering out of the lecture-room just as he was entering.

There was no way of making them turn back, for they were within their rights.

So, to put a less embarrassing face on the matter, he stopped one group by waving his stick and told them, "I've not come to detain you. No, indeed. It's such a fine morning I decided to give you a chance to enjoy it."

A grateful cheer went up. One of the bolder of the seniors actually slapped Professor Hayden on the back.

Hayden was amazed at his own feeling of mellow ness. Come to think of it, he had always sourly envied the comradely sort of instructor who gets slapped on the back. But he had never expected it, never.

He flushed and murmured bash-

fully, "We shall have to do this oftener. Play truant, you know. Life is not all eclectics; dear me no."

The boys stared at him as if he had gone pleasantly crazy. "I say," he went on, "do any of you happen to have yesterday's 'Gazette'? I want it very much."

They murmured vaguely, trying to think. One fellow said he had wrapped his laundry in it. Another said he took the "Bugle" because the "Gazette" was dull as dishwater. The most intelligent student sensibly suggested the library reading-room.

Professor Bates Hayden bowed a formal farewell and went to the library. The little old white-haired librarian was anxious to please him once she had told him timidly that he resembled a nephew of hers who had been killed in the war, but he didn't care for the morbid thought and had discouraged her from further conversation.

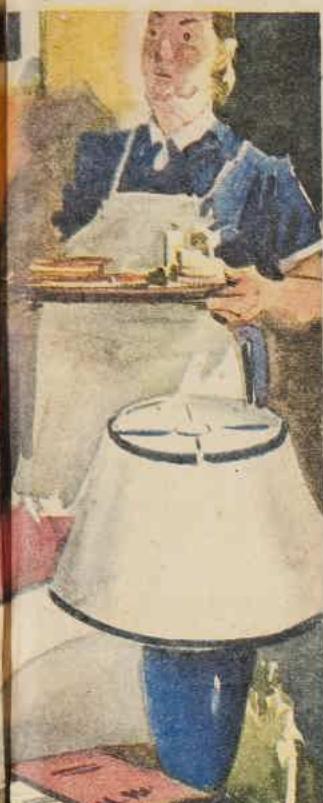
Now she was much distressed because out of all the newspaper files, the "Gazette" file had disappeared. "I think," she quavered—"I really think somebody made off with it when my back was turned. They often do, you know, when they want to copy something for an economics or political-science essay."

As he left the library Professor Hayden thought of a young instructor named Hal Saunders. He vaguely remembered hearing Saunders say at the Faculty Club that he took the "Gazette".

Hayden had never called on Saunders. He didn't care for the flamboyant red-haired instructor. But now he went to his room. He couldn't help thinking that to-day everything had gone differently because of that confounded scrap of newspaper.



It started with a scrap of newspaper, and went on to be the most amazing day the Professor and all his young neighbors had ever known



SAUNDERS was in bathrobe and slippers, and his room was in a care-free state of bachelor muddiness. He was having, of all things, brandy and black coffee and kippers. Hayden had no thought of kippers since he was a boy. They made him hungry again. He found himself having one, and to his surprise, a small glass of brandy.

"At this time of the morning!" he remarked. "Dear, dear! This has been the oddest day so far. All because I found on my hearthring a scrap torn from yesterday's 'Gazette' which read ridiculously: 'One present is always a poison mixed with dried grain in a hollow gourd and the na—'"

Hai Saunders repeated it. He was eager and boyish. "Do you think, old man, that it could have been a warning? This might develop into a murder mystery. I'm so sorry I haven't yesterday's 'Gazette.' I used it to stuff in a package I was posting. By the way, have you read that last mystery of Ferenz Fanning?" Simply fascinating."

Professor Hayden had never read a mystery. He would have been too ashamed to ask for one at a bookstore or library. And yet he had always had a secret whim to see why they were read by so many erudite people.

Saunders flipped through a helter-skelter stack of reading matter on his desk—a good pile was freshman essays, Hayden noticed.

"Are they pretty bad?" he asked.

"So-so. My aim isn't to teach them anything but to think for themselves. If I can do that even for one or two, I shall be happy. Right?"

Hayden had never thought of education in that way. Would it be possible, he wondered, to treat the subject of economics as an open door to free thought instead of a dry approach to statistics?

"I pass all my students with a C plus," said Saunders cheerfully, thrusting a book called "The Murder of the Circus Clown" into Hayden's hands.

"Thank you," said the professor stiffly. He concealed the small volume in the pocket of his topcoat. He was amazed how the morning had flown during the pleasant chat with Saunders. It was time for lunch. Instead of going to the Faculty Club, as usual—but to-day nothing was usual—he went to a small restaurant where he could sit in a secluded booth and read his mystery story surreptitiously.

He saw at once that it took a great deal of intelligence to follow the crafty machination of a mind like Inspector Barlow's, not to mention the lurid side activities of those acrobats, Florio and Florizel, who undoubtedly had a part in the shocking business of the clown's murder.

Hayden was so absorbed in trying to figure out ahead of the conceited inspector that he did not see his enemy, old Prof. Henry Donstetter, pause to peer into the booth. They had had a furious quarrel around election time and were not speaking even at faculty meetings.

The old gentleman cleared his throat crossly at seeing who occupied the booth. "Sorry!" he said. Then he glanced down at the lurid book, which Hayden had covered with his napkin just too late. This was dreadful, dreadful. Donstetter would maliciously spread it around that the austere economics professor wasted his time on thrillers.

Then, to Hayden's complete astonishment, Donstetter sat down and seized the book. "Look here," he demanded, "is that Ferenz Fanning's latest? I've not been able to get it yet. Have you read his 'Murder Rides the Merry-Go-Round'? I'd be glad to swap with you."

"This belongs to Saunders," said Hayden, sighing in relief. "But I'll tell you what we could do; I shall buy one myself and we can trade all around."

Donstetter laughed amiably in his beard.

"We can each buy one a week and found The Shocker Club."

"Yes, let us do that," said Hayden earnestly.

After a tiresome afternoon of classes and office conferences, Professor Hayden marched into a book-seller's.

He cleared his throat and asked boldly, "Have you 'The Mail-Order Corpse' or 'Death in the Dormitory'?"

The young assistant gave him a fattering smile of appreciation. "Yes, sir," he said heartily. "'The Mail-Order Corpse' is a dandy."

"I think I'll take both," said Hayden with the air of a connoisseur. "Companion volumes, I believe."

On his way out he passed a table covered with novelties presided over by a pretty young woman. "Won't you buy something for war orphans?" she inquired.

He studied the heterogeneous display, trying to find an object with any sense to it whatever. He was just picking up a paper cutter when he saw the most ridiculous stuffed rabbit. It had long spotted ears, plump cheeks and round eyes, which suddenly reminded him of the fat creature who had liked his nose.

"The rabbit," he said in a dignified voice.

The girl nodded as if he esteemed his taste. "Oh, I'm crazy about that," she said.

Clutching the unwrapped rabbit and an elegant package of books he strode firmly along the street. About eight blocks up he came to Old Martha's flower-stand. It was a makeshift table with bunches of flowers half wrapped in wet newspapers, and a little box where the passer-by dropped his money if Martha was not there. She was not there now. He glanced but vaguely at the spring flowers, for he was quite unaware of flowers. Then he stopped still in his tracks.

He seized a bouquet and looked at the damp "Gazette" tied around it. There was the date line: "March 24." Yesterday's "Gazette."

"Splendid! Splendid!" he murmured, hurrying onward.

HE was almost home when he was aware that somebody had been hastening after him for the last blocks. His pursuer was a tall, red-faced earnest young policeman—in vulgar parlance, a cop. He would be new on the city force, for Hayden had never seen him around before.

"I want to speak with you," said the officer, breathing hard.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" asked Hayden. He was annoyed. Doubtless it was something about a student who had done something; he decided then and there to resign as the faculty chairman of student affairs. Why should he devote so much time to punitive measures? Guilty he realized that he would far more enjoy reading about them. Policemen in stories were more amusing than in real life.

"Yes, yes," he said testily. "Please speak up. I'm in a hurry."

The officer grunted in a most impolite way. "I'll bet you're in a hurry," he said, pointing a thick finger at the bouquet of flowers.

"What do you mean?" asked Hayden. Then, with a shock, he realised that he had absently seized the flowers and made off with them. "Oh, dear me!" he said, flushing in embarrassment. "I forgot to leave the money."

The young officer seemed disgusted by this flimsy and wanton pretence. "When you think," he growled sternly, "that the poor old flower woman trusts everybody—well, it's enough to make a person sick to think of somebody swiping from her." He surveyed the accused with contempt. "Well-dressed, too," he muttered.

For a moment, Hayden, who was innately nervous in the presence of The Law, felt like one of his own students hearing one of his own

sitter indictments. Then he remembered his august position.

"No insolence," he warned. "I am Professor Bates Hayden."

"Oh, yeah?" The policeman was not at all impressed. "So a professor goes around helping himself to a poor old lady's flowers."

"I don't want flowers!" Hayden retorted angrily. "All I want is the paper—this paper tied around the stems."

"A nice story, a pretty story. You just want an old newspaper. Now why, mister? Or would you rather come along and tell it to the sergeant?"

Hayden went cold at the idea of explaining his eccentric quest to an unimaginative sergeant. He was sure no sergeant could understand why a sentence out of his context can prove such an aggravation to the mind of a scholar.

Now the policeman was eyeing the rabbi strangely.

"Looks like you been lifting a lot of things," he declared nastily.

"Now see here, this is a lot of nonsense—" Hayden began nervously.

"Kleptomaniac," the young fellow remarked. He seemed proud of his diagnosis, for he repeated the word several times with a profound air.

"You come into my house," said Professor Hayden. "I'll explain the whole thing—identify myself." Though heaven knew he dreaded taking the policeman into his sanctified house! Mrs. Cary would be back now preparing dinner. And even an innocent man feels guilty with a policeman tramping at his heels.

However, he managed to swallow his chagrin and lured the unwilling officer into the library. One could see him glancing about as if it were all a sinister trap. Carefully he examined the rabbit, poked it, and sat it on the couch as Exhibit A. Then he unwrapped the books.

"Say," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "this 'Mail-Order Corpse' is great!"

After that Hayden found it simple to clear up matters, and the policeman, in his new reverent and apologetic attitude, proved to be quite likable. He was actually curious about the annoying sentence.

"Let's look at the paper," he said eagerly. "Let's find out about this presents-and-poison funny business."

Professor Bates Hayden was just spreading out the "Gazette" when Mrs. Cary bustled in. She had not been able to wait a minute longer—a real policeman being entertained right in the library! Well, the professor had behaved funny, beginning at breakfast time, she said later.

"Will you have your tea, sir?" she asked, studying the young man in uniform who looked so inappropriate sitting on a Chippendale chair.

The professor always had tea when he came home. "Of course," he said, and politely to his new acquaintance. "Will you join me, Mr. Uh?"

"The name is McLintish, Mike McLintish. Thank you, Prof. I will be glad." And when at last he raised a delicate teacup with his big fingers he said gratefully. "Nothing like a good cup of tea to cure the quirks."

Hayden was about to ask for the derivation of the unusual word when the doorbell rang. Mrs. Cary ushered in young Mr. and Mrs. Gallup. They were both very shy, but obviously determined to do the correct thing.

"My wife told me," said Mr. Gallup, "that you wanted yesterday's 'Gazette.' And so I hunted up one. I'd used it to wipe mud off my shoes. I'm sorry. I hope it's readable." He produced it.

Professor Bates Hayden spread it out on the library table beside the damp one he had just begun to study. "Thank you, thank you," he said. "And by the way, there's a—ah—animal on the couch for your quite extraordinary son."

Please turn to page 19



This is a lot of nonsense," Hayden told the policeman nervously.



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THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

THE reports of the muskets were no doubt the first the blacks had ever heard. They halted in consternation, and, as the marines reloaded and raised their pieces once more, they retreated to the cover of the bush. Jurd slowed his pace to a walk, while Mawson sank down, unable to proceed further. I followed the marines at the double to where he lay. A spear had ripped through his thigh, and the blood was flowing fast.

"What's this?" asked the lieutenant.

"Tried to spear us!" Jurd explained.

"There's blood on your cutlass."

"Can't a man defend himself?"

"Disarm him, corporal," ordered the officer.

Mawson raised himself and pointed a shaking finger at Jurd. "He's a liar, sir! 'Twas all his fault!"

Jurd took a step forward, clutching his fists.

"I'd naught to do with it," Mawson said. "We come on to a black boy and girl, cookin' some fish over coals. Jurd grabbed a fish and started to eat it, and the black boy snatched it from his hands. Jurd

killed him with the cutlass. The girl set up a squalling, and next thing I knew was this." He touched his wound gingerly.

"Take him in charge," ordered the lieutenant.

Jurd was a powerful fellow, and before his wrists were made fast behind his back, Goodwin and I were obliged to lend a hand. Leaving him with Mawson under guard, the officer ordered the rest of us to accompany him to the scene of the crime.

We had no trouble in finding the glade. The blacks were about to carry away the boy's body when we emerged from the scrub, but they dropped their burden at sight of us and vanished among the trees. All was as Mawson had described it—the embers of the fire, the broken bits of fish, and the dead boy, with a deep cut in his neck which had severed the jugular vein.

The officer turned to us with a stern face.

"You've heard Mawson's story. Observe and recollect what you see here. The Governor must be told of this at once."



That's my boy's place

THE pup is wondering where he is. And so, too, are we. He is out somewhere fighting—maybe this very minute—for his mother and me.

What hurts me most is that this war wasn't the nipper's fault. It was my generation that let it come on. We were all selfish, worrying about money and our rights and pleasure instead of trying to prevent the war. We took a lot of chances on that lad's happiness. Now he's out there—without me—doing his best to bail us all out of trouble.

He always told us that he would take care of us . . . even when he was just a little lad. But he never thought that it would have to be this way. His dream was to have all of us . . . together.

I want you
to read this, son.

THEY said I was too old to fight again. But I'm not too old to walk two miles to work and back to save transport.

I suppose I couldn't stand it to eat in a field kitchen, to sleep on the ground, to look sharp for murderous, tricky Japs on the night watches. But at least I can do my own job better. I can be at it every day, and I can work as you have a right to expect of me. And I can put every penny I possess into war savings stamps.

Son, maybe it was my selfishness that let you and your cobbers down in those twenty years of peace. But I won't let you down again. You aren't going out there to fight the Jap without weapons—not if I can help it. Your mother and I will see to it that our boy has more weapons and better weapons than the Japs. You knew we'd do it, didn't you, lad?

They won't give me any Victoria Cross for my part in this war. But somebody's got to do the work that doesn't carry medals as a reward. Just think of me as your powder monkey. I'll pass you the ammunition. After all, son, these war savings stamps are the only way I can get the ammunition to you.

And they'll be ammunition for you when you come back, too. With the stamps we're buying now, you're going to find it a whole lot easier taking care of us. They will be our contribution to help carry out the dream you had when you were a nipper.

Stewart and Lloyds (Australia) Pty. Ltd. (who prepared this statement) are doing their level best to see to it that your son does get his ammunition. Their factory produced its first shells only two weeks after war was declared. Since then millions of shells have gone forward to the lad. They will help to speed the hour of his returning.

Botany Bay

Continued from page 5

The sequel to the young black's murder was prompt and terrible. On the same afternoon the Governor assembled his court under a gunnery close to the beach. The court consisted of Captain Collins—the judge advocate—and three naval and three marine officers. A boatload of the more hardened convicts from each of the transports was ordered ashore. Jurd stood sullenly by the tree, shackled, and guarded by two marines.

The witnesses gave their testimony, and when Jurd was required to speak in his own defence he only growled out, "I've naught to say. What if I did kill him? There's one less to put out of the way."

The marines then on shore, about fifty in all, were drawn up where the brief court-martial had been held. In front of them stood the officers of the court, with Governor Phillip at their head. The convicts summoned to witness the execution stood opposite.

The silence of the great empty land, intensified by the rustling of leaves and the faint hissing of the tall grasses as they bent and nodded to the fresh breeze, was like a visible presence, and, after the judge advocate had pronounced sentence: "... hanged by the neck until you are dead," the hush seemed to deepen as though we were all under a spell.

Then Governor Phillip spoke, gazing sternly in our direction. "On this the very day of your arrival in New South Wales, one of your number has committed an atrocious crime. It is a crime not only against the natives of this land, who have harmed none of us, it is a crime against ourselves and against the future welfare of the colony; it is my duty to establish here,

"The news of this murder will travel far among the natives, who will fear and hate us from this day on, and seek to take a just revenge upon us. Let the fate of this wretched man be a lesson and a warning to every one of you."

Governor Phillip then glanced at the chaplain, but the murderer glared defiantly at him.

A handkerchief was bound across his eyes, the noose adjusted, and a moment later he was twitching and swaying high in air.

Botany Bay was soon found to be an unsuitable site for the foundation of the Colony; the bay itself was shallow, for the most part, affording no anchorage where ships might ride unexposed to easterly weather, and no deep coves where docks might be erected for loading and unloading cargo. The shores were marshy, and what dry land was discovered near by seemed sandy and barren; worst of all, no adequate supply of fresh water had been found.

Governor Phillip resolved to examine Port Jackson and Broken Bay before disembarking the people where we were. He set sail to the north on the following morning with three rigged long-boats. I was fortunate enough to be chosen to pull an oar in the Governor's boat.

It was mid-morning when we passed between the heads of Botany Bay against a fresh easterly breeze, getting a good offing before Captain Hunter ordered the sails set to run northward.

He held the tiller, while the Governor sat beside him gazing at this coastline which no European, save Captain Cook and his people, had examined before. A great surf broke at the base of rocky cliffs, and level, barren heath land lay above. At the end of two hours we were pretty close inshore and abreast of the south head of Port Jackson.

All gazed at the still waters opening before us in hushed wonder. The great harbor extended before us, branching in coves and bays separated by wooded points, as far as the eye could reach. Forests of gum and cedar trees stood at the head of nearly every cove. Clouds of snow-white cockatoos, their plumage gleaming in the sunlight, passed from one promontory to the next; bright-colored parakeets rose in thousands from the trees with harsh chattering, as if in protest at this violation of their sanctuary.

Here and there we saw native fishermen, in their canoes of bark, but they paddled away hastily at sight of us.

WELL, Hunter,"

said the Governor, "we need search no further!"

"Aye, sir. There's no such harbor in the world! All the fleets of Europe might ride safely here!"

The Governor hailed the two other boats, ordering them to proceed westward, separating to explore the coves on the north and south of the harbor.

"Captain Hunter and I will examine these coves near the entrance," he said. "Look for a good run of fresh water, tolerably flat rich soil, and deep water close inshore, where quays may be built. You may camp to-night and tomorrow night wherever you see fit; let us meet here, by this point, on the following morning. I shall expect full reports with charts and soundings."

It was mid-afternoon when we entered the cove about which the town of Sydney now stands. In breadth and extent inland, the harbor was perfectly designed for an anchorage. The forest, which at that time covered the slopes on both sides, grew to the water's edge, so that we stepped from our boat almost literally into the woods.

Most of the trees were of the eucalyptus kind, some of them of enormous size in spite of the rocky nature of the ground, but at the head of the cove, bordering what was later called the Tank Stream, were clumps of magnificent cedars.

The Governor landed presently and went in search of water, followed by a seaman who carried his musket, while Captain Hunter continued his task of surveying the cove. Governor Phillip returned in about an hour's time, saying that he had found a run of water sufficient for the settlement's needs.

"We'll encamp here for the night, Hunter," he announced. "I'll be surprised if we find a more promising spot."

"So I believe," replied Hunter. "We can moor the ships close inshore, with stern lines fast to the trees. I've found several places where quays could be built with no great trouble . . . Shall we dine now, sir?"

"We've still a couple of hours of daylight; let us employ them in completing our survey. There's a pair of kangaroos yonder, one of them as great as a man. They seemed to have little fear, yet I could not come within musket-shot. I'm no hunter, I fear." He smiled. "What of yourself? Can you live up to your name?" The captain shook his head, and Governor Phillip glanced at the rest of us in the boat. "Who'll try for the kangaroo?"

Please turn to page 18



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**MACLEANS
TOOTH PASTE**

"British to the teeth"

Movie World

Rita entertains the troops...

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

LOVELY Rita Hayworth is probably the most popular glamor girl in Hollywood to-day. Not only has she skyrocketed to screen fame, but at the camp concerts Rita's flashing brown eyes and svelte figure have made her the number one favorite with the troops.

Two months ago Rita collapsed from exhaustion after her War Bond tour and suffered a severe breakdown, during which she lost ten pounds in two weeks.

While on tour Rita was giving four shows a day, and she is one girl who seems unable to refuse requests to appear in war charity entertainments.

While waiting to start work on a new picture for Columbia in which she will be co-starred with Humphrey Bogart, Rita spends her spare time dancing at the Hollywood Canteen.

At present she is diligently searching for a small apartment near to the studio, where she intends to live alone, without even a secretary, and will attend to all her own correspondence and business affairs.

• Rita Hayworth is at her loveliest in the sumptuous period clothes which she wears in the 20th Century-Fox production, "My Gal Sal," with Victor Mature. She is seen here with John Sutton.

• Noted for her perfect, streamlined figure, Rita is a good swimmer and adores relaxing on the beach. This Columbia photograph of her shows up her newly-acquired dark suntan.



• Exotic clothes for Rita in the eagerly-awaited Fox film, "Tales From Manhattan," in which she plays the alluring wife of Thomas Mitchell. Charles Boyer appears with Rita in this all-star "episode" drama.





Dandruff is so unsightly; don't stand for it another day! The proven treatment is Listerine Antiseptic which kills the dandruff germ instantly, stops itching and burning, dissolves ugly scales and promotes healthy hair growth. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is too dry and get started to-day.

Shampoo with **LISTERINE**

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
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SHEETS

TOWELS

A WASHING HINT

Your sheets and pillow cases will wear longer if you add a tablespoonful of borax to the water in your copper before the clothes are put in—boil for ten minutes—then rinse in tepid water, then a quick rinse in blued water.

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PRESTON, ENGLAND.

STUDY OF A SCOTTISH TYRANT



1 RUTHLESS Scottish shop proprietor Brodie (Newton) bullies daughter Mary (Deborah Kerr), wife (Beatrice Varley).



3 USING Mary's absence from ball as pretext, Dennis slyly forces attentions on her.

2 SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS, Brodie is used by barmaid Nancy (Enid Stamp-Taylor) and his employee Dennis (E. Williams).

4 DISCOVERING Mary's connection with Dennis, who has bankrupted him, Brodie drives her out of the castle.



5 BREAKING his wife's heart, Brodie installs Nancy as housekeeper of bankrupt home.



6 SON, on whom Brodie's savage ambitions now centre, commits suicide.

Drama from Popular writer

A. J. CRONIN'S "Hatter's Castle" was made in England by Paramount British, with Robert Newton (given special leave from the Navy) in the leading role.

This dramatic novel, which has been translated into 19 languages, is the first Cronin wrote, but the fourth to be filmed. His "Citadel" was produced in England with Robert Donat, and "The Stars Look Down" with Michael Redgrave.

His most recent book, "The Keys of the Kingdom," is being prepared for a Hollywood filming with Spencer Tracy in the leading role.

"Hatter's Castle" has a distinguished supporting cast led by Deborah Kerr (of "Love on the Dole"), Emlyn Williams, and Enid Stamp-Taylor.

Adelyn FROCKS



Won't SHRINK
Won't FADE
Won't STRETCH

Ask your favorite store to show you Adelyn Frock in Grafton Anti-Shrink fabrics.

There are no dry-cleaning expenses with these frocks and they are easy to wash, iron, and dry. Refuse imitations! 13 coupons. Look for the Adelyn label on your frock, plus Grafton identity.

REMEMBER THE NAME

Adelyn

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invigorates
the
System!

NS-1/42



* At Hollywood's Services Canteen Marlene Dietrich shares a snack-bar sandwich with sailor B. H. Lansdowne, while soldier Lovell Pullivan looks on. On Christmas Day the canteen provided meals for 6000 servicemen.

Typical evening in Hollywood Canteen

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

THIS Hollywood Services Canteen — moviedom's home from home to all men of the fighting forces — is not open to civilians.

Last night, however, my Press badge permitted me to enter and watch the canteen whirl through a typical evening.

The first impression I received was of a sea of uniforms. Sailors, soldiers, marines, and lads of the R.A.P. were dancing with all the best-known starlets, who were wearing gay, street-length dresses.

I sat at a red-checked table with two marines who were too shy to dance, but who asked me to point out the stars.

We noticed Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, Arleen Whelan, and Deanna Durbin dancing with soldiers, while Dave Rose's Orchestra played "Jersey Bounce" on the raised platform at the end of the rooms.

Then Judy Garland came on to the stage in her simple, black frock, and, greeting the boys, offered to sing request numbers.

The servicemen and their partners took seats at the tables, and the overflow squatted on the dance floor and Garland sang their favorite ballads, which were pre-ponderantly Irish.

She finished with "Over the Rainbow," which haunting tune brought lumps into many throats. After a hushed stillness, furious applause broke out, and then the dancing continued.

I went over to the snack-bar with the two shy marines, and introduced them to Hedy Lamarr, who was arranging sandwiches on plates.

Hedy was among the stars who gave gifts to the canteen on Christmas Day, when six thousand boys waited in line for their turn to enter.

Eddie Cantor, dressed as Santa Claus, handed the presents to each serviceman. Hedy's bright idea was to autograph books, with her signature on the first page; and the lads spent a happy time collecting others from willing stars.

Last night Hedy's helper was

Mrs. Joe E. Brown, smiling bravely at the boys as she hid her heartache over the death in an army plane crash of her own son, Don.

As rough-haired Jean Gabin gathered up the dirty dishes on a tray I followed him to the kitchen, where Paul Henreid and sweet-faced Mary Gordon swished the suds manfully over the dirty plates.

Mary is the beloved Scottish actress who won fame playing an Irish mother to James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in numerous films; also Nanny in "The Little Minister." She spends every evening dish-washing in the canteen kitchen.

"I am very happy doing this work, even though the cement floor is tiring to my feet," smiled Mary, "but the condition will soon be remedied. A business man is putting in a new floor for us."

"You know, of course, that everything for the canteen was donated. Studio carpenters, painters, and electricians gave their services after work, putting in the fixtures.

Gardenia to Mary

THE stars supplied much of the glassware, dishes, and furniture. Cary Grant gave a grand piano.

While Mary talked her busy hands few, until a young soldier peeped shyly round the door and handed her a white gardenia.

Stammered he: "I would like you to have this, because you remind me so much of my grandmother."

Before Mary could thank him the boy stumbled out again, so the super-haired actress pinned the flower proudly to his shoulder and resumed her dish-washing with increased cheeriness.

Back in the main room again I noticed handsome John Beal sketching a suntanned sailor, while onlookers waited for their chance to pose.

In another corner men were seated writing postcards featuring a view of the dance floor of the canteen, while the studio stenographers typed letters for boys who preferred to dictate.

I saw Deanna Durbin still dancing, while her husband, Vaughn Paul, waited patiently outside.

Vaughn is not allowed to enter the canteen, as officers are barred.

Eddie Cantor mounted the stage and presented War Bonds to the soldiers who held lucky tickets. Bonds are given every night.

Eddie then asked if the boys would leave by the rear door, as three hundred of their buddies were still lined up outside the canteen waiting their chance to enter.

Without a murmur the servicemen slipped quietly into the night by the back entrance, and a new crowd of eager boys trooped in for an hour's fun.



How do I keep
so fit and well?

ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT'
first thing
every morning

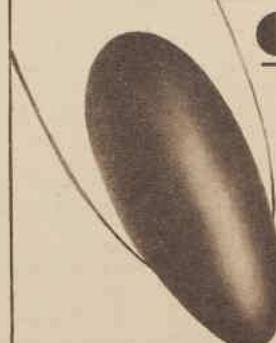
New Idea in Hand Care



While you dream of love . . . your hands can become softer, whiter, lovelier than ever. Pond's Hand Lotion works while you sleep. Silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy—you can leave it on your hands all night. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Then see your hands become softer and whiter. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

CUTEX MANICURE

Owing to war conditions, there is a shortage of Cutex, so make the most of your supplies. Instead of using Cutex regularly, a good plan is to reserve it for special occasions.



CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL



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Fine Music

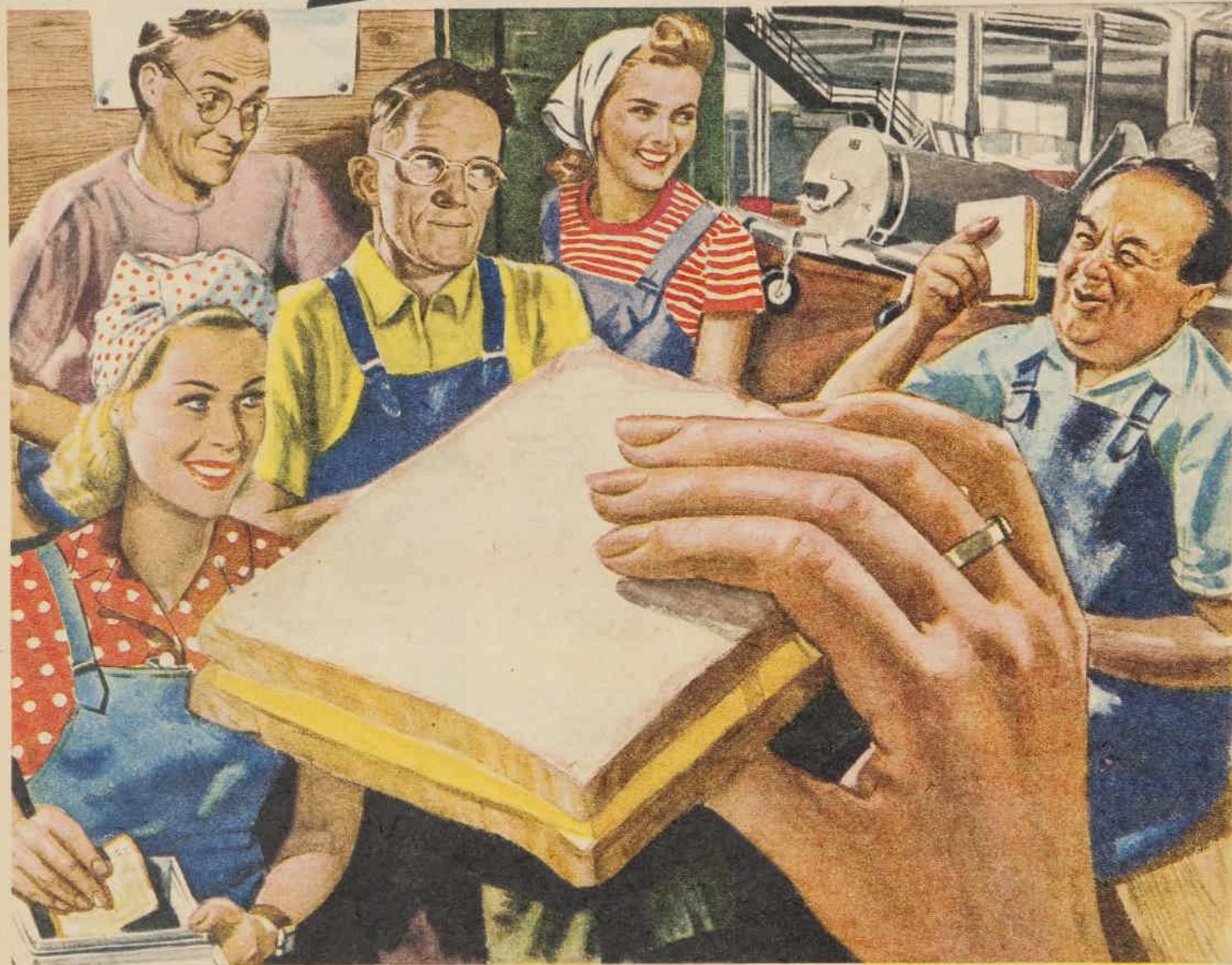
JUE, Sydney Sun. 7.45 p.m.
JNU, Newcastle Tues. 8.30 p.m.
ZWL, Wallington Fri. 7.15 p.m.
ZLG, XA, Orange 2.15 p.m.

ZLG, Melbourne Wed. 7.30 p.m.
ZMA, Mildura Sat. 8.30 p.m.

Permanently Yours
Eugene

You're in this picture —

*in half a second you'll taste
the BEST sandwich of all!*



Here you are, at the end of your shift in a war production factory or workshop anywhere in Australia. Right now you are picking up the **BEST** sandwich of all from your lunch-box... a Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwich. Half a second more, and that Kraft Cheddar sandwich will be tickling your taste buds with its fresh-tasting goodness. And it will be doing a full time job in packing you with the nourishment you need to keep going through the next busy shift.

Mum comes into this picture too, because she's the one who packs lunch for you busy war workers.

Remember Mum, the three essentials for successful cut lunches are flavour, freshness, and good food value. And that's why you should keep plenty of Kraft Cheddar Cheese handy for your family's sandwiches.

Issued by the Kraft Nutrition Department who feel that to-day, more than ever before, we must know the foods which are really "protective" and how to include them in our daily meal.

Flavour! Cut that Kraft Cheddar in thick slices to make the most of its rich cheese goodness. Or shred Kraft Cheddar and blend with other favourite sandwich fillings for variety.

Freshness! No more dry, dreary sandwiches when you put in a Kraft Cheddar filling. Kraft Cheddar stays fresh, delicious to the last mellow slice.

Food Value! It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. That means Kraft Cheddar is packed with all the concentrated nourishment of milk... first class tissue-building proteins, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which are needed for building strong bones, sound teeth. And that's why Kraft Cheddar helps supply food values your war workers must have for good health and efficiency. Include Kraft Cheddar Cheese regularly in your family's cut lunches.

Tips for Tastier Cut Lunches



Make sandwiches
from day old bread.
Do not trim crusts.
Spread butter and
fillings right to
edge of slice so
crust won't be left.

For quicker spreading
soften butter and mash with
fork. Add a little milk to
make butter go further. Or
mix in some shredded Kraft
Cheddar Cheese or chopped
parsley for extra flavor.

Tasty sandwich fillings!
Ever tried cooked green peas mashed and flavoured with a dash of mint? Or shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese blended with chopped apple, minced onion or grated raw carrot?

Take a salad for lunch on
hot days. Pack lettuce leaves,
whole tomato, celery, etc., in

Economy tip. Buy your Kraft Cheddar Cheese from the 5-lb. loaf at your grocer's. It's more economical, more convenient, because each slice of the cheese just fits a slice of sandwich bread.

Something sweet. Honey or oatmeal cookies or fruit turnovers carry better than cake and economise on your sugar supply.



First V.C. for R.A.A.F. won by country hero



MR. F. R. H. MIDDLETON, father of Flight-Sergeant Ron Middleton, V.C.



MRS. MIDDLETON with her V.C. son, Ron, when he was 7½ years old (right), and her younger son, Osman, at 5½ years. Osman is now in the A.I.F.



FLIGHT-SERGEANT RAWDON ("RON") HUME MIDDLETON, first member of the R.A.A.F. to win the V.C. in this war. Two other Australian airmen V.C.'s are in the R.A.F.

Ron Middleton's supreme courage saved lives of four mates in disabled bomber

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"I'll try to get you chaps home."

Flight-Sergeant Rawdon Middleton, badly wounded, said this to the crew of his crippled Stirling bomber as he turned the plane towards England after a bombing raid on Turin.

Pitting his courage against his own injuries, his damaged machine, and inadequate petrol, Ron Middleton reached the English coast.

"Here we are, chaps, bail out," he told his crew.

FOUR bailed out and landed safely.

The Scottish front-gunner and the flight-engineer stayed with him, and he turned the stricken bomber out to sea to avoid the possibility of crashing among civilians.

The front-gunner and the flight-engineer parachuted into the sea, and their bodies were recovered later.

Ron Middleton has been reported missing. For his courage and sacrifice he has been awarded the V.C.

Ron's comrades describe him as "terrifically good pilot."

They thought so much of him that they voluntarily continued to fly with him, though they were exceeding their usual period on operational

raids. They wanted to wait until "the skipper had finished his traps."

In their raid over Turin, Middleton brought the bomber filled with high explosives and incendiary bombs low over the target.

He made three "dummy" runs, and during the fourth run an ack-ack shell burst into the plane between Middleton and the English second pilot.

Splintered wounded Ron Middleton in the forehead and his right eye, knocking him unconscious. It also wounded the second pilot in his legs and one arm.

As the plane, without a pilot, hurtled to the ground, enemy fire plastered it, blew away the rear gun turret, and smashed a huge hole in the port wing, hoing the petrol tank.

When the plane was only 900 feet above the ground, Middleton regained consciousness,

He lifted the plane back to bombing height, made his interrupted fourth run, and dropped his last bombs on the target.

So weak that other members of the crew assisted him with the controls, he announced his heroic decision that he would try to get his crew back to England.

The low-flying plane went through heavy shelling and was hit several times before it reached the English coast in the darkness.

"Ron was a quiet sort of chap. Like his younger brother, Osman, he

was a tall, slim, long-legged fellow," his father, Mr. F. R. H. Middleton, said.

"He was a splendid rider. He'd ride any wild horse, the wilder the better."

"We've had two letters from Ron since he was reported missing.

"One of them arrived the day that his decoration was announced. In it he told us that his wing-commander had told him he would shortly get his commission.

"This was his 28th operational flight, and was to have been his last for six months. It was really hard luck when he so nearly made it."

"But at any rate he saved four of the crew, who must have thought a lot of him to stay on this flight."

"We couldn't have been more proud of Ron than we were already," his father said.

"We don't want to seem ungrateful about the decoration, but we would sooner our boy were safe. It is a very hard blow for us."

The Middleton family is well known in many country towns of New South Wales, where Mr. Middleton has managed station properties, and the two boys, Rawdon and Osman, went to the local school, and on a few occasions continued their education by correspondence.

Most of their schooldays, however, were spent at Gilgandra and Dubbo High School. Ron was a good cricketer and tennis player. He had spent all his twenty-three years on the land until he enlisted.

Ron Middleton enlisted in the R.A.A.F. in 1939, when he was a jackeroo at Leewang, Yarrabandai—the property, near Bogan Gate, where his father is manager.

He trained at Bradfield and Narrabeen, and went to Canada, where, in 1941, when he got his wings, he was recommended for a commission.

For nearly twelve months, though still a flight-surgeon, he had been pilot and captain of a Stirling bomber attached to a crack British squadron.

Ron Middleton, V.C., is one of those many gallant Australians who, for many months, have been carrying heavy responsibilities as captains of air crews without commissioned rank.

Young farmer's daring exploit in battle for Tunisia

A twenty-one-year-old farmer from South Australia played an impromptu role as a spy in the campaign in Tunisia.

He is Second-Lieutenant James Walter Simpson, who on the outbreak of war was a youngster of 18 working on the family property of Charleston, 30 miles out of Adelaide. Now he's in the Eleventh Hussars, crack British regiment, with the British First Army in North Africa.

DURING the advance there, Jim Simpson got a taste of the excitement he began hankering for the minute war broke out.

One of the few Australians in the British First Army, he was with the Allied forces advancing near Medjez el Bab.

He was sent on to reconnoitre. He found French troops on one side of the river bank, Germans on the other. There was no firing going on, because the Germans did not know what the attitude of the French was going to be.

It was then that Simpson borrowed a French uniform and took a nonchalant stroll along the river bank up towards the German gun positions.

The Germans were unsuspecting. He waved to them and they waved back in the friendliest manner.

But meanwhile he was noting their gunposts and he returned to his unit with exact information of the highest value.

Second-Lieutenant Simpson arrived at this adventure by a roundabout route.

At 18 he'd set his heart on becoming a pilot in the R.A.F. For years he'd made and flown model aeroplanes and dreamed of flying.

Up to 1939 he had led a typical Australian country lad's existence—public school, followed by a period at Prince Alfred College, followed by hard work on the farm.

He had plenty of fun and outdoor life, camping, sport, riding, but little of the pleasures of city life.

As a little chap he learned to handle a rifle, and was always a pretty good shot.

Came the war. And Jim, growing daily more restless, "I must do something," he'd say.

One day he left the farm and went to Port Adelaide. He interviewed a shipping official and applied for a job on a ship.

He returned home, told his mother, and had barely finished the telling when a phone call advised him that

a seagoing job was his that evening if he could make it.

He and his mother rushed back to the city, fixed up certain business, including a passport, and there and then Jim Simpson began to believe that dreams sometimes come true.

For twelve weeks he slogged aboard a freighter as assistant steward, dish-washing his way to the England that was going to absorb him into its R.A.F. he hoped.

But Jim Simpson had partial color blindness . . . that insurmountable barrier to a career of sky-piloting.

The knowledge was a bitter blow. Officials saw the disappointment and offered him regional control work.

"But I couldn't do that," he wrote home. "It would be like having a meal in front of me all the time and never being able to eat it."

He cut his losses and did what to him seemed the next best thing. He went into the Army.

Hard work and application gradually won him his second-Lieutenancy in the Eleventh Hussars, and he was attached to a Yeomanry regiment.

In course of time he set sail for North Africa and simultaneously entered Tunisia and the headlines of the world's newspapers.

"Jim would dare anything," said his mother, Mrs. L. C. Simpson. "From his earliest days he never knew fear. He would ride any horse, no matter how small he was or how large the animal."



SECOND-LIEUTENANT JAMES WALTER SIMPSON in his uniform of 11th Hussars, famous for their cherry-colored trousers.

Editorial

JANUARY 23, 1943.

PAPUAN VICTORY

TRIBUTES from all over the world reached General MacArthur and General Blamey as the campaign in Papua drew to a victorious close.

A message from the Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, said: "The conclusion of the operations in south-eastern New Guinea marks a notable and historic stage of the war in the Pacific."

Many awards for bravery and devoted service have been made to men who distinguished themselves in this campaign.

American comrades in arms have dubbed the Aussies "the greatest buddies in the world."

"They'd go with you into hell," one said.

And the people at home feel that every man who helped push the Japanese back over the Owen Stanleys has earned V.C. for courage and endurance on one of the world's most gruelling battlefields.

Some are home again, bringing the joy of reunion to many a family circle.

This victory in Papua is, of course, only an end that points towards a beginning.

The territory regained becomes a base from which the enemy can be pursued vigorously to his final destruction.

The lessons learned from this victory will bring us other victories.

Major-General R. H. Dewing, of the British Army, and a liaison staff of Army and R.A.F. officers have come to Australia to study at first hand the campaign.

We can win this war by carrying the lessons of one campaign promptly into the next.

—THE EDITOR.

Our boys thought of home

Army authorities, the Comforts Fund, relatives at home who sent parcels, and the troops themselves did their best to make Christmas merry in battle areas.

"The sisters and staff made Christmas real for us," writes Pte. Bill Newton in hospital somewhere in Australia to Mrs. K. R. Vinicombe in Sale, Vic.

OUR Christmas began on December 24, when the Red Cross gave us our hamper.

"Then the nursing sisters, V.A.D.'s, and some of the men formed a choir and sang carols.

"Then we sampled some more Queensland hospitality.

"Twelve of the assistants of the local hairdressers put on a marvelous supper for us.

"They had clubbed together and put in so much per week to buy comforts of a lasting and useful nature such as jugs, cups, and other crockeryware.

"They gave us for supper fresh home-made cakes, coffee, Christmas cake, sweets, and ice-cream. There were over 60 of us to cater for and only 12 of them.

"They usually provide us with supper one night each week, and so we look forward to seeing them! They are all such nice, pleasant girls.

"On Christmas Day the sisters of the ward gave us all a gift. A wonderful gesture on their part, as they have very little leisure.

"Then came the highlight of the day—our Christmas dinner, and what a dinner it was!

"The sisters prepared the ward for Christmas with flowers at every bedside, our color patch above each bed, and Christmas decorations hung everywhere with a big Christmas tree at each end of the ward.

"The staff made about 50 silver stars for each tree, with a huge one on top. The effect was marvellous when lit by electricity at night."

L.A.C. Norm Maddock in Port Moresby to Miss Y. Newburg, 79 Mount St., Coogee, N.S.W.:

"CHRISTMAS Day I worked all day taking time out to consume a tin of apricots for Christmas dinner. What a feast!

"That night Ron (my tent-mate) and I got to work and cooked sausages (tinned), tomato (tinned), beans (tinned) and spuds (tinned). Then we had Christmas pudding (tinned) and cream (tinned).

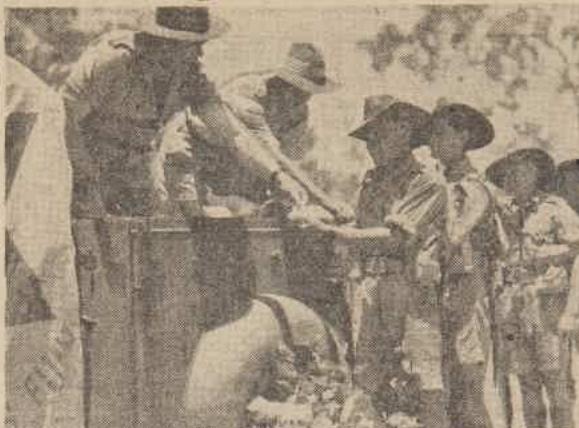
"Apart from the 'tinny' atmosphere we thoroughly enjoyed it and could hardly wait to our beds, where we enjoyed a Christmas cigar (per favor of U.S. Army Air Force)."

A mechanic in Northern Australia to his mother in South Australia:

"ON Christmas Eve about 7 o'clock I landed at a place where a cobber is stationed, and we talked until midnight.

"On Christmas morning about 6 o'clock we had to grab our plates for breakfast after wishing each other a Merry Christmas. For breakfast we had tinned sausages (sausages) and bacon.

"At about 10 o'clock we arrived for Christmas dinner, mind you, at a place marked by a windmill and a tank, a tent with 'Caretaker' on



TROOPS LINE UP for an A.C.F. issue in New Guinea. Wherever possible, at home and overseas, servicemen received a hamper for Christmas.

it, and a shelter so that we could eat in the shade.

"The menu was: Black or white tea, camp pie, pickles, bread and butter, preserved pears.

"Well, there's nothing elaborate about that, but at least it was wholesome, and besides that I was darned hungry.

"On the tank was painted 'Merry Christmas, Everybody Welcome.'

"But the tea we had that night at the next stop was definitely first-class. Just listen to this: Lime juice, cold, wild turkey, roast spuds and cabbage, preserved fruit and jelly, and—this is exclusive—fresh cream, sweets, almonds.

"About midnight again I hit the bed. I was tired, 400 miles in two days make one weary. Anyway, I guess it's a change to have Christmas in the Never Never."

Greetings from the North.



MOSQUITO HUNT: L.A.C. "Tiny" Maldon's Christmas greetings to Miss Thelma Lillian Hardwick, in Randwick North, N.S.W.

Here, Leo Carmody in hospital in the Northern Territory to his sister, Miss Lena Carmody, Glenloth, Vic.:

I SPENT a real decent Christmas here. On Christmas Eve we all received a parcel from the Red Cross—extra good, too.

"We had a 'sit down' Christmas dinner, good roast dinner and Christmas pudding.

"Each ward was given a Christmas cake for after.

"The hospital gave a prize for the best decorated ward, and we were the lucky winners. It was decorated with newspaper, mind you.

"The prize was a silk fruit cake.

"During the afternoon we had the piano moved from a Red Cross hut into our ward, and had a sing-song.

"At night the patients gave a concert, a real good show, too."

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL HOW YOU DUST THESE PICTURES, MARY.

THEY'RE ALL OLD MASTERS.

GRACIOUS!

WHO'D EVER THINK YOU'D BEEN MARRIED ALL THEM TIMES!



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

Interesting People



MAJOR-GENERAL C. SPAATZ
... Air Adviser

COMMANDER U.S. Air Force in Europe, Major-General C. Spaatz, who has been stationed in England since last July, is now in North Africa as air adviser to Allied Commander-in-Chief, General Eisenhower. In last war he commanded largest U.S. aviation training school in France.



COLONEL A. M. SAGE
... Matron-in-Chief

JUST appointed Matron-in-Chief, Australian Army Nursing Service, Colonel A. M. Sage, of Melbourne, was awarded Royal Red Cross for distinguished service in the Middle East. She joined A.A.N.S. in 1940. Went overseas as matron of 2nd Australian General Hospital. Later became Matron-in-Chief, A.I.F. abroad.



REV. F. L. OLIVER
... Chaplain to women

APPOINTED chaplain of H.M.A.S. Australia at outbreak of war, Rev. Frank Oliver, R.A.N., chaplain to Victorian Mission to Seamen, has resumed duty at the mission after three years in battle zones. War experiences included North Sea patrols, Dakar in 1940, Coral Sea and Solomons battles. He served as a private with A.I.F. in last war.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a week of possibilities and developments.

Good fortune will predominate for most people, particularly if their birthdays fall under the zodiacal auspices of Gemini, Aquarius, or Libra, and possibly Sagittarius and Aries.

Leonians, Scorpions, and Taurians, however, must be cautious and try to avoid changes and upsets, for difficulties, losses, and disappointments are likely.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Things improve considerably now, though over-confidence is still undesirable. January 21 (after 7 p.m.), January 22 (morning best) favor modest gains and changes. January 23 (after 9 a.m.) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Recent desirable conditions may now ease off or need stabilization instead of aggressive action. Be watchful. Difficulties can prevail, especially on January 23 (morning worst) and January 24 (morning and evening hours). January 19 (after noon) fair; January 20 good; January 21 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy seeking advancement. January 21 (after 7 p.m.), January 22 (to 9 a.m.), and January 23 (after 9 a.m.) very fair; January 26 (after 4 p.m.) excellent. Plan ahead.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Things should now be less difficult, but avoid over-confidence yet. January 19 (morning) can bring deceptive, peculiar conditions. January 20 (evening) better, also January 25 (evening).

LEO (July 23 to August 22): Be guarded. Opposition, upsets, and disappointment can dominate your affairs. Avoid changes, discord, and aggression, particularly on January 22 (forenoon worst), January 23 and January 24. January 18 (forenoon) poor, too, also January 21 (near dusk).

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22): Consolidate recent gains but avoid over-confidence and big changes. Routine best, except on January 30 (especially mid-evening), when good fortune is likely, and January 18 (after noon). Help matters along by hard work.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22): Modest advancements possible now, so plan well and work hard. January 19 (forenoon) adverse, balance poor; January 20 and January 21 (early) poor. But January 21 (after 7 p.m.) and January 22 (to 9 a.m.) quite good. January 26 (after 4 p.m.) can be excellent, so utilise in seeking good fortune.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 22): January 20 can be very helpful, especially the mid-evening hours. January 19 fair; January 21 (to noon) fair. Thereafter be cautious, especially on January 22 (forenoon worst), January 23 (morning worst), and January 24 (forenoon). Difficulties and delays or worries and arguments can beset you. Live cautiously.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 20 (evening), January 21 (evening) and January 22 (to 9 a.m.) can produce modest gains. Try to utilise them. January 26 (after 4 p.m.) helpful too.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): January 22 (to 9 a.m.) and January 25 (evenings) can be somewhat helpful, but be cautious on January 24 (early), January 21 (mid-morning), and January 24 (evening). A time for consolidation, not action.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Plan your time and arrange to start new ventures or seek promotion, gains, and happiness in the next few weeks. January 20 (evening) good, but not January 21 (mid-morning), January 24 (mid-morning), and January 25 (especially late evening). But January 26 (after 4 p.m.) excellent.

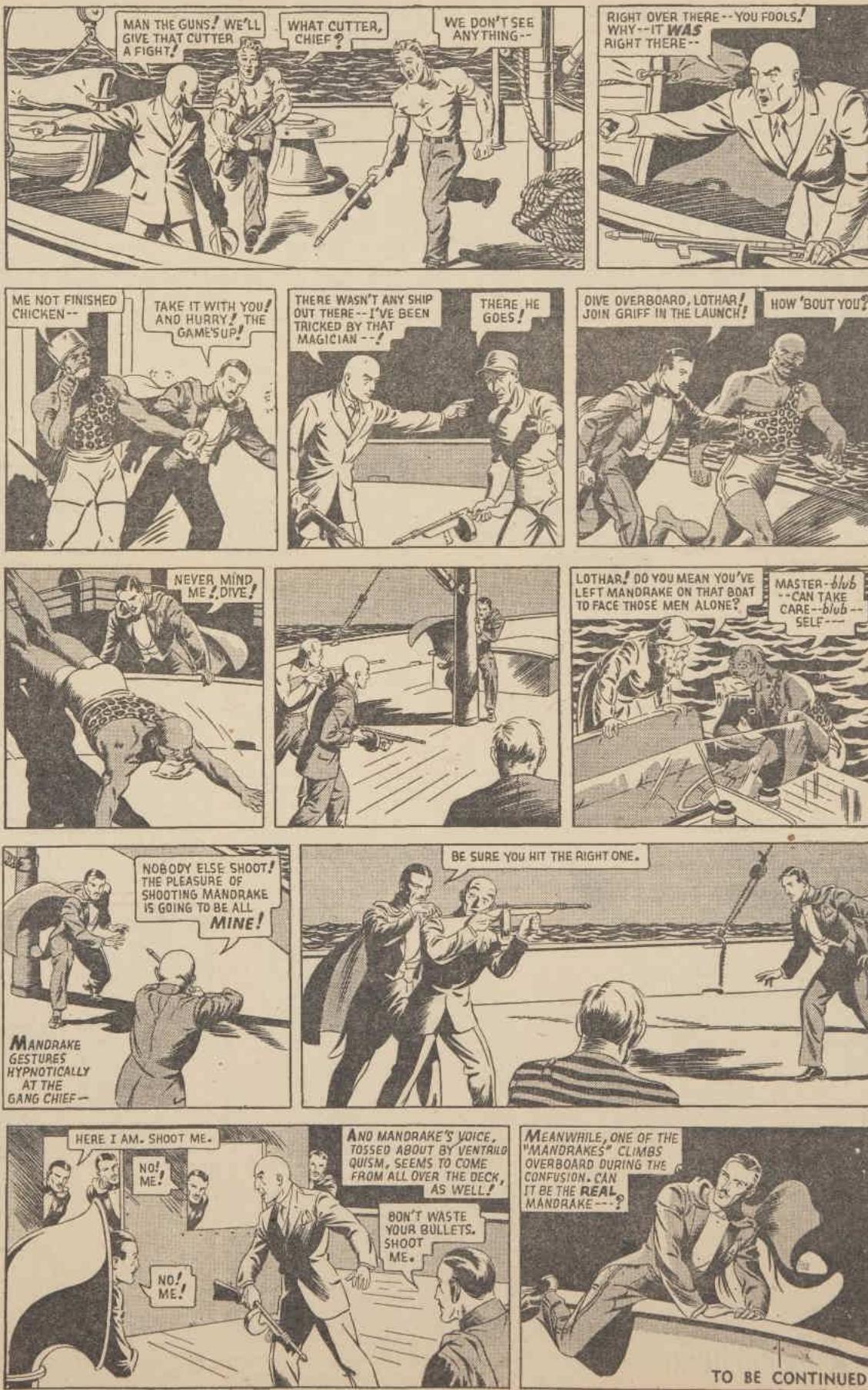
PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 19 very fair (except the forenoon hours, which are deceptive and illusory). Avoid disasters then. January 20 (especially mid-morning) quite good; January 21 (to 4 p.m.) fair; January 24 (mid-morning) good.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden agrees that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.J.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have
regained the enemy ship from which they
had been thrown into the sea. Their
presence, wearing seaweed on their heads,
causes a scare, and they are able to release
DR. GRIFF: Inventor of a machine to
destroy planes in the air by electric energy.
Meantime, Lothar is attacked by the crew,

but he puts them to flight. Mandrake,
however, is cornered by
THE CHIEF: Of the spies, and when a
statement that he has radioed a coast-
guard cutter is challenged, he uses his
hypnotic influence and causes the head spy
to see a cutter approaching. At this Dr.
Griff is hurried into a launch moored to the
ship. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

First guests at our Servicewomen's Club



SNACK-BAR. Servicewomen line up for cold drinks at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, which is now open.



SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM at club becomes meeting-place for service girls on leave.



BEAUTY PARLOR. Corporal Kath Henry, W.A.A.A.F., spends half an hour having facial massage and make-up at the club's beauty parlor. There is also a hairdressing salon.



QUIET CORNER of lounge. Servicewomen may entertain their friends here. Dances and concerts will be arranged regularly.



HAT CHECK SERVICE. Guests arriving for lunch. There are games rooms on the dining-room floor, which is furnished with



LOUNGE-ROOM of club has accommodation for large numbers. These girls, first visitors, enjoy its restful atmosphere.



SOUND-PROOF WRITING-ROOMS are located on lounge-room floor. Section Officer D. Jephcoat and A.c.w. Betty Howes write home.



DORMITORIES are decorated in blue. Sleeping accommodation is for 93. Each girl has a bedside table, coat and hat hangers on the walls, and bed-lamp.

I MADE bold to say, "May I try, sir?"

"What's your name?"

Tallant, sir."

He eyed me keenly for a moment, then turned to his servant. "Give him the musket and my pouch and powder horn . . . You'll find their tracks by the rim of water yonder; when I last saw them they were about a cable's length to the south."

Moving quietly and glancing steadily ahead, I reached higher ground where the forest was more open; and there I had my first sight of an old man kangaroo, with his mate, feeding side by side, not a hundred paces distant. I crawled forward, taking advantage of what cover there was. At last I looked to my priming and gave a low whistle.

The kangaroo sat up abruptly and I shot the male through the heart, while his mate bounded away, going at a pace that astonished me. My quarry must have weighed eleven stone or more, and when I got him on my back, with a hind leg over each shoulder, I had as much as I could do to carry him to the beach.

Governor Phillip and Captain Hunter examined the animal with keen interest; then, with the help of one of the soldiers, I skinned and cut him up into steaks and colllops, which the others broiled over the coals; and only those who have lived on ship's fare for months together will know how welcome the fresh meat was. Seasoned with salt and pepper, all pronounced the kangaroo as well-flavored as good wether mutton.

It was a warm, cloudless night, and when supper was over I made myself a bed of dry leaves and lay, with my coat for a pillow, watching the stars come out. Presently one of the seamen came to inform me that Governor Phillip wished to speak to me.

I presented myself before him immediately.

"Where did you learn to stalk game, young man?" he asked.

"In America, sir."

"You are an American by birth?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why are you here? What is your sentence?"

"Life, sir. For highway robbery."

"I see . . . Well, good night to you. That's all I wished to know."

We spent the following day in exploring several nearby coves, and when the three boats met on the twenty-third, I felt certain from the talk I overheard among the officers that Governor Phillip had decided to fix our settlement on the shores of the small bay he now named Sydney Cove, in honor of Lord Sydney, Home Secretary. Late on the same afternoon we returned to Botany Bay.

Goodwin and I were with the seamen, washing down the decks, the

following morning when there came a hail from a man working aloft, "A sail! Sail ho!"

We stared out to sea, scarcely believing what our eyes beheld: the topgallants and royals of a large ship appearing on the eastern horizon.

Captain Gilbert was summoned from his cabin and came on deck, half shaved, to examine the ship through his spyglass. Within half an hour a second vessel was spied, and by this time the rigging of every ship in the harbor was filled with men gazing towards the distant vessels, which were standing in close-hauled, for the entrance to Botany Bay.

We had been at anchor only a few days, in a harbor only once before visited by white men, on the coast of an unexplored continent thousands of leagues from the nearest European port, and here were ships making in for the land when we had supposed there were none save ours closer than China or the Cape of Good Hope.

Despite the heavy weather, the Supply weighed anchor and sped out under foremast and main topsail to reconnoitre. Meanwhile the strange vessels, finding it difficult to close with the land because of the offshore wind, tacked and bore off, and were soon lost to view, but the Supply contrived to work her way back some hours later, bringing word that the strange ships were either French, Spanish or Portuguese.

We saw no sign of them the next day, but Governor Phillip, fearing that they might discover and lay claim to the beautiful harbor he had just visited, set sail in the Supply as soon as the tide served, and anchored in Sydney Cove, leaving word with Captain Hunter that he was to follow with the rest of the fleet at the earliest possible moment.

At eight o'clock on the morning of January twenty-sixth the strange ships came in sight once more round Cape Solander. They entered the bay and dropped anchor not far from where we lay, displaying the royal ensign of France. They proved to be the Boussole and the Astrolabe, out on a scientific and exploring expedition.

After paying a visit of courtesy to the French commander, Captain Hunter lost no time in following Governor Phillip to Port Jackson. Our six transports and the three store ships made a brave show as they stood out to sea in the wake of the Sirius. Between six and seven o'clock on the same evening, January twenty-sixth, the entire fleet lay moored in Sydney Cove.

The marines and some of the seamen,

men from the Supply were already ashore, and a flagstaff had been erected on the east side of the cove near the spot where we had roasted the kangaroo.

About seven in the evening we saw Governor Phillip and his officers gathering by it. Presently the Union Jack was run up. A volley was fired by the marines, whereupon those on shore gave three cheers, answered by cheers from the ships. Another outpost of empire had been claimed for England.

The confusion that prevailed during the ensuing weeks was indescribable. Orders and counter orders were given and men were sent here and there on useless errands.

More than half of the convicts had become so enfeebled as a result of the long voyage as to be useless for labor, and many of the marines were in the same condition. Before us lay a hundred

In view of my knowledge of such work, I was chosen overseer for the five of us; and I favored Sapp and Inchling in a manner that might have lost me the job, had it been known to the authorities. But there was good reason for this—two men with less knowledge of manual labor or more averse to acquiring it could not have been found.

Oakley, Goodwin and I let them to their hearts' content; we were well repaid by their company. The only work they did was to walk to the settlement to draw our rations. Nick had his well-thumbed cards and his cribbage board, and the two of them played in deep content, keeping a wary eye out, however, for possible inspection visits.

One morning, when they were deep in their game, we heard voices in the distance. We had laid plans in advance for such emergencies.

Sapp and Inchling immediately seized their axes and took places at a tree the rest of us had nearly cut through, while we attacked another.

And none too soon; a moment later Governor Phillip himself appeared, accompanied by Captain Collins, the judge advocate, and two marine officers.

Sapp and Inchling rested from their labors, puffing and blowing as though they had been hewing steadily since daylight.

"How many of you are at work here?" the Governor asked.

"Five, sir," I replied.

He looked about him with evident satisfaction. "You five have felled all these trees alone?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

After a few additional questions, the Governor turned to the judge advocate, then acting as his adjutant.

"Mr. Collins," he said, "these men are to carry on here without supervision. He again turned to us. "You have done very well. As long as you merit the trust I am placing in you, you shall have it," and with that he walked on.

That same afternoon, Goodwin, Oakley and I, having worked like draught horses for more than a week, felt justified in taking French leave from the settlement, so we set off together, carrying our supper rations with us. Having gone inland for a couple of miles we came out on the shore of another cove, later called Blackwattle Bay.

This place, although close to that chosen for the settlement, was a complete solitude, its stillness broken only by the calls of gaily colored birds and the whirr of their wings as they passed close overhead.

We seated ourselves, enjoying to the full the peace and beauty of the afternoon and the pleasure of being free for a few hours at least in that great lonely land.

"This is something like," Oakley said presently. "Twill be none so bad, this New South Wales. If we can steal away now and again to be with ourselves."

We were silent for a time, then Goodwin said, "Lads, here's a plan that's popped into my head. My belief is that them who show a willing hand will have more liberty than most. A man with any skill at a trade will be wanted bad, and he'll be put at the work he knows best."

"Aye," said Oakley. "That'll be fishing for you, and hunting for Tallant, since he's already bagged a kangaroo for the Governor himself. But where's the work for me? I'll be kept hacking down trees."

"No," said Dan, "not if you work it right. What'll be wanted here most is food and fresh meat, even above fish. We've already been told they're to choose hunters for the settlement. What's to prevent Hugh from asking to be made one, and you with him?"

"Ask for the chance, Hugh," said Tom. "I'm a good hand with a fowling piece, if I do say it."

"Well not miss the chance for the want of asking," I said, "and the sooner the better . . . What more, Dan?"

"This," said Goodwin, "Governor Phillip is a man of his word. He'll favor them that work for the good of the place. If we're given jobs to hunt and fish, we'll hide our time and ask to be sent down here to live by ourselves. What d'ye say?"

The cove offered anchorage for a boat, and a trickle of water that came in at the head would furnish a dozen families. The soil was a sandy loam and there was good pasture for livestock. We selected sites for dwellings as hopefully as though permission to settle here had already been granted.

Please turn to page 19



BOB DYER, hillbilly humorist, whose "Dinner Digest" is now being put over the air from Station 2GB.

New radio sessions from 2GB

Already from Station 2GB a number of new features have made their appearance on the air since the new year opened.

These are only a foretaste of many other good things to come.

FIRST on the list is "Star Barometer," a new Sunday night entertainment, which is being broadcast at a quarter to eight.

This is a programme that features one of the favorite stars on record each week. Already Richard Crooks has appeared, and he will be followed by Deanna Durbin, Lawrence Tibbett and Gladys Moncrieff. Each is featured in three popular numbers, and as the session progresses the stars will be chosen by the public.

However, "Star Barometer" is something more than a mere musical session. Every eight or ten weeks there will be a competition, the first of which is commencing. Listeners are asked to submit a list of their ten favorite singing stars, marked in order of preference.

From these the ten most popular will be selected, and the list which comes nearest the final score will earn a prize of £10.

In this way listeners will be able to follow the fluctuating changes of popularity of their favorites. They will also have an opportunity of testing how far their own judgment agrees with that of the general public.

Next on the list of newcomers to the air is Bob Dyer's "Dinner Digest." Concealed along the lines of his "You ain't heard nuthin' yet," the feature is heard for a quarter of an hour every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 6.30.

Admittedly Bob Dyer's humor is hillbilly, but he adds to it an infectious laugh and a swift staccato method of presenting his wisecracks.

In the presentation Dyer is supported by a number of prominent radio artists; an orchestra, and a chorus.

Yet another new radio entertainment is "The Perfect Song Session," broadcast from 2GB every Wednesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock. This is a session that sets out to present music in which the appeal is primarily that of lovely melody.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, January 23—Mr. Ed Denning, Talk and Goode Reeve, Gardening.

THURSDAY, January 24—Goode Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, January 25—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goode Reeve in "Gardening and Thought."

SATURDAY, January 26—Goode Reeve in "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, January 27—"Roaming the Wide Range."

MONDAY, January 28—"Letters from Our Readers."

TUESDAY, January 29—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

£10 Prize

Send us your list of YOUR ten favorite singing stars and listen to

"Star Barometer"

Sunday at 7.45 p.m.

Next Sunday . . . Deanna Durbin
Jan. 31 . . . Lawrence Tibbett
Feb. 6 . . . Gladys Moncrieff

2GB

Bringing you sheer loveliness caught in song and melody

"THE PERFECT SONG SESSION"

Wed.
and
Sat.

2GB 9 p.m.

Film Reviews

★ BROADWAY

George Raft, Janet Blair.
(Universal)

TOLD in flash-back fashion, this gaudy melodrama packs murder, romance, gang-war and music into 48 hours of nightclub life on Broadway in the 1920's.

Universal slickly chose slick-haired George Raft for the central role of nightclub dancer, who becomes involved in murder, and who is hunted by Pat O'Brien's tough detective. Raft makes a fair attempt at the drama of his role, although outclassed by O'Brien, Brod Crawford, and Ed Brophy.

Decorative Janet Blair is Raft's partner in the song, dance, and romance—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

★ THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello.
(RKO)

THIS dismal drama comes from Orson Welles, who gave the screen the sensational "Citizen Kane." "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a study of a spoiled, spiteful young man (Tim Holt), who brings unhappiness to his dances and ruins his mother's chance for a tender, happy second marriage. What purpose can be served by such a repellent story, at a time like this, is beyond me.

Dolores Costello is charming as the mother, and Joseph Cotten excellent as the devoted suitor whom Holt keeps from her side. Agnes Moorehead is almost repulsively clever in the part of Holt's maiden aunt.

Photographed almost entirely in semi-darkness, "The Magnificent Ambersons" uses Welles' device of having his characters always on the move before the camera. A new trick, that of emphasis on a dramatic whisper in dialogue, is overplayed. Welles himself acts as off-screen commentator to the plot—Embossed; showing.



CLARK GABLE, seen here in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the U.S. Army Air Corps, has received his wings and is now a full-fledged gunner. He is seeking foreign service.

★ RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda. (Fox)

GENE TIERNEY gets her first modern role and smart dressing in a Cinderella tale that is pretty vapid fare. Even Henry Fonda, usually so amusing in these comedy romances, has difficulty in making you believe his adventures are light and the situations clever.

Story opens in California, where Gene, a shop girl, becomes involved with a pair of confidence criminals (Laird Cregar and Spring Byington). Henry, a young accountant, loses his savings to the trio. Later he meets Gene again in the East, and she tries to get him his money back. The California play-resort settings are the most attractive feature of the film. —Century; showing.

Shows Still Running

**** Wake Island. U.S. Marines' real-life heroic exploit of Pacific War, re-created with superb action and grand performances from Brian Donlevy and cast—Plaza; 2nd week.

*** Keep the Wild Wind. Glorious technicolor adventure of 1830's Florida with Goddard, Miland—Prince Edward; 4th week.

*** Holiday Inn. Crosby sings, Astaire dances through exhilarating musical—Regent; 4th week.

*** Mrs. Miniver. Heartwarming classic of wartime England with Greer Garson.—Liberty; 17th week.

** Between Us Girls. Delightful masquerade comedy for Diana Barrymore's young actress. Robert Cummings helps.—State; 4th week.

* Yank in Dutch. Hilarious capade of R.A.F. pilot (Franchot Tone) dodging Nazis in Holland.—Lyceum; 4th week.

* Elia Rita. Abbott and Costello uproariously funny in an unfamiliar version of the stage show.—St. James; 4th week.

* Jungle Book. Kipling's famous tale re-told with Sabu and magnificent technicolor.—Mayfair; 4th week.

* Next of Kin. Grimly necessary documentary warning against careless talk.—Victory; 4th week.

Botany Bay

Continued from page 18

We would build a house for Oakley and Phoebe, and another for the Goodwins, and I was to decide whether I would live with one household or the other, or have a hut to myself.

It was at this time that Oakley confessed to Goodwin and me what, of course, we already knew—that Phoebe was expecting his child.

"But mind ye, lads," he said, "it was no trifling matter on either side. And I'll make her a husband as true and steady as though we'd been married beforehand, with bell and book."

"Ye will ye all, that's certain," said Goodwin. "Well, Tom, ye'd have had to go far to find a prettier lass. When does she expect?"

"It's a matter of another three months," Oakley said. "Hush, if it's a boy, I'd wish him to have your name. Would ye object?"

"Never in the world!" I replied.

The sun was setting by the time we finished our rounds of the cove. When half-way back to Sydney Cove we halted to wait for nightfall, for we wished to return unseen. As we were sitting there, we caught sight of a man walking in the direction from which we had come.

"Mortimer Thynne!" Oakley exclaimed.

Thynne turned quickly at our hall and with a wave of the hand, strided towards us. We had seen nothing of him for more than a week for he had been kept aboard the Charlotte to help one of the assistant commissioners in making out lists of supplies to be sent ashore. He told us that he had come on land only that morning.

"And all the ladies as well," he added.

"What?" said Tom, getting hastily to his feet. "Then we must make haste to see that our own are safe."

"Set your mind at rest, Tom," said Thynne. "Mrs. Thynne and my daughter are under the protection of Captain and Mrs. O'Day. In their tent. Miss Munro arranged

for this . . . Your wife and the lad are with them, Goodwin, and Mrs. Garth. This is quite a tentful, in fact, for the O'Days have taken in others among the younger women who desired to come. As for the rest—Dear me! It seems that protection is the last of their wishes."

Ever since the morning when the French ships had dropped anchor in Botany Bay, one thought had dominated every other in my mind—escape. The French had built a small, temporary fort on shore, armed with a couple of light cannon, to protect their carpenters, who were at work on a pair of longboats. It was known that the Boussole and Astralabe would sail as soon as the boatbuilding was done.

This task occupied the whole month of February, and early in March I learned that they planned to sail within a week. My time had come at last.

Until now, I had taken no one into my confidence. Much as I liked and trusted the Goodwins and Nellie Garth, it seemed best that they should know nothing of my plans, but Tom Oakley was different. It had been agreed between us that we would seize the earliest opportunity to escape, but now that he was planning to marry Phoebe I doubted that Tom would want to join me.

I had decided to make my escape on a Sunday, when I would not be missed until evening roll call, and on the afternoon before I brough the subject to Oakley. He was silent for some time after I had told him of my plan.

"Dye think the froggies'll have ye," asked.

"They might. I heard Captain Hunter say that the Astralabe had lost ten killed and twenty wounded in the Navigator's Isles."

"Aye, they'll be shorthanded. Ye're hopin' to make friends with some of the seamen and talk 'em into slowin' ye away on board?"

"Yes."

"Can ye talk the lingue?"

"Not a word."

"No matter, ye'll make 'em understand," Tom paused. "In my belief, ye've a good fightin' chance. If it wasn't for Phoebe—But no, I'm steppin' here. Ye've no idea how I love the lass; I'm daft about her, and that's the plain truth."

Thynne was coming along the path from the far side of the cove. He was our chief source of news. Governor Phillip was so poorly supplied with clerks that he had been obliged to seek among the felons for men capable of preparing records and reports. Thynne's intelligence, his pleasing presence and more than respectable attainments had all worked to his advantage.

He was appointed to the clerical staff shortly after our landing in Port Jackson, and now had a desk in Phillip's portable canvas dwelling, already known as Government House.

"I've good news for you, lads," he announced.

Tom sprang to his feet. "Ye mean it? Ye're sure?"

Thynne nodded. "I heard His Excellency talking with Surgeon White. There's desperate need of fresh food, with all this scurvy. You two are to be appointed hunters, and Dan will have a boat as soon as one can be spared."

"Bless ye, Thynne!" exclaimed Tom. "Will we have leave to stop in the oher cove?"

"That you will. And Nellie Garth, too. She's to try her hand at a little farm of her own."

"Ye've done Nellie a kindness she'll never forget," said Oakley.

Thynne smiled and dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand.

He turned to me. "I'm forgetting the principal part of my errand here . . . Tallant, Miss Munro would be pleased if you'd step around to see her for a moment at Mrs. O'Day's tent."

To be continued

Margaret Sullavan retires from films

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MACDONALD

MARGARET SULLAVAN has announced her intention of retiring permanently from the screen—in order to devote herself to bringing up her three children.

Married to actors' agent Leland Hayward in 1936, Margaret has two girls—Brooke, born in 1937, and Bridget, born in 1938. Her third child, Leland Jun., was born in April, 1941.

Since the birth of Leland Jun., Margaret has refused to sign any picture contracts. She made only one Universal comedy last year—“Appointment for Love,” co-starring Charles Boyer.

Margaret's personal explanation of her retirement is typically frank and intelligent.

“I believe that these times demand more attention and devotion to the home, and what it stands for,” she told me.

“I must make sure that my two girls and my little boy will have their mother's personal care.”

Thirty-two years old Margaret has been on the screen since 1933, when her debut in “Only Yesterday” caused a sensation. Among her memorable performances have been those in “Little Man, What Now?” “The Good Fairy,” “Three Comrades,” “Mortal Storm,” “So Ends Our Night,” and the re-make of “Back Street.”

Her husband is to-day in the Navy, and has latterly been in Washington. Whether Margaret will set up a new home in the East (where her family lives), or remain in California, has yet to be decided.

HEDY LAMARR has gone to court in connection with the new Federal law which fixes stars' salaries at a maximum of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Hedy says that rather than have her salary cut by Metro, to the legal limit, she would like to turn over her surplus pay to the Government herself. Her case is causing wide interest, as other highly-paid stars in a similar position would prefer to do the same thing—retaining at least the status of their colossal pre-war salaries.

EVERYONE sympathises with Lana Turner in the legal duster which has overtaken her marriage. It has been discovered that her husband, Stephen Crane, whom she married in July, is not finally divorced from his first wife. Without his knowledge, Carol Curtis Crane waited till January, 1942, before asking that their decree nisi be made absolute. This means that his divorce will not be final until late this month.

Lana has filed a suit for annulment of her “marriage” to Crane, and her lawyer has issued a statement in which Crane says: “I deeply regret that Miss Turner was the victim of an unfortunate legal misunderstanding. I know that she has to do everything possible to protect our coming baby.”

Lana's baby is expected in June. Heartbroken 23-year-old Lana in her annulment suit is seeking the custody of the unborn child. She is reported to have said that there is no chance whatever of her remarrying Crane.

Paper Chase

Continued from page 7

LITTLE Mrs. Gallup was entranced with the rabbit. “I told you he had such a way with babies!” she reminded her husband. “He knows just what they like.”

The policeman fished a snapshot out of his billfold. “This is ours,” he said. “Ten months. Big for his age.”

The Gallups regarded the photograph and said courteously that Jacky at ten months had been no bigger.

Now, with the two papers spread out, the professor leafed rapidly through them. One was but the front section, and the Gallup offering was so badly torn in places that nothing could be made of it.

The doorbell rang again. Afterward Mrs. Cary said that she declared there hadn't been so much social atmosphere in the house during all the ten years she had worked there.

This time, it was Miss Beatrice Gaynor who came to join the assembled company.

Startled, Bates Hayden rose stiffly to attention. “I—ah—ya,” he stammered. “Miss Gaynor, of the music school, I believe. These are my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gallup and Officer Michael McLintish. Will you have tea with us?”

“I'd love some,” she said. “It cures the quirker,” said Professor Hayden, and the policeman nodded and winked at the company in general.

“I didn't know you were having a party,” said Beatrice Gaynor, smiling warmly at his guests. “I just came over to bring you a copy of yesterday's ‘Gazette.’ ” Mrs. Cary happened to say you wanted it.”

At mention of her name, Mrs. Cary popped in, bearing a plate of hot cinnamon toast. She bent down and put a match to the grate fire. The library smelled of cinnamon, buns, logs, and fragrant tea. Hayden could not remember the room having had such a cozy fragrance before.

“I never imagined you were fond of parties, Professor,” Miss Gaynor commented brightly.

“Oh, I like to give a tea-party now and then,” Hayden replied.

Mrs. Cary stared at him, astounded.

“Well, anyhow,” said the policeman, crunching toast, “let's have a gander, Prof. At the ‘Gazette’ the lady brought. I'd like to read about that poison, and presents, and hollow-gourd monkey business.”

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V.A.'S RETURN FROM ACTIVE SERVICE. Smiling faces on V.A.'s who returned from service in Ceylon. They are: Back row—M. Woodhouse, L. Hodgson, E. Creasey, J. Johnstone. Second row—Mrs. Michael Russell, E. Kalston, B. McLean, and R. Willman.

Heard Around TOWN

THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The added strain on kindergartens and day nurseries to cope with children whose mothers are in war jobs . . . Special holiday service inaugurated by Kindergarten Union keeping kindergartens open during holidays so that children may spend days doing handicrafts while mothers are busy in factories . . .

The new kindergarten opening in February in Newcastle, and three others being prepared for opening to cater for numbers of children whose mothers are in full or part time war jobs . . . "The number of donations to kindergartens by staff comforts funds shows," says Miss Lilian Merchant general secretary, "that people realise that we are doing a real war job in caring for soldiers' kiddies."

The party at the Y.W.C.A., on Wednesday to farewell Miss Lyra Taylor, who has been Y.W.C.A. general secretary for three years . . . Miss Taylor's plan to return to New York, where she will study for six months before taking up her social service work again in America.

The new home for servicewomen that will be opened on February 1 at Randwick, in Darling Point, by Regional Committee of Y.W.C.A. headed by president, Lady Reading . . . The same two committees' new home, San Souci, in the mountains, for girls on defence work.

The trim Canadian uniform worn by Colonel Moore Cosgrave, formerly Canadian Trade Commissioner . . . His delight at being back in uniform, as he is now Canadian Military Attaché in Australia . . . The busy time Mrs. Cosgrave and daughter Gloria are having, packing up household belongings for their move to Canberra, scheduled any time now.

The new Rosebank Opera Company, which will give first performance at the Conservatorium after Easter . . . The delight of music-lovers with project which has Sydney de Vries as director, Mr. F. Hoogstel as musical director, and Mr. Euston Greene as manager.



MARRIED IN CEYLON. Mrs. Michael Russell, formerly Jane Stewart, one of the first V.A.'s to leave for service overseas, who married Lieutenant Russell, of the Royal Artillery, in Ceylon.



RED CROSS ART UNION. Sorting bills from Red Cross Art Union Christmas cards are: Left to right—Dorothy Williams, Mrs. Dundas Allen, Mrs. P. MacDonald, Mrs. Victor White, and Mrs. Pat Hardy. Drawing is at Town Hall on January 28, and committee reports only few cards still to be sold.

On and off DUTY.

A WEDDING in the traditionally romantic setting of Ceylon, one-time holiday island, now a war base, took place between an Australian V.A. and an English officer before a party of V.A.'s left to return home.

Jane Stewart, one of the first V.A.'s to leave for active service abroad, married Lieutenant Michael Russell, of Royal Artillery. Jane, who is the daughter of Mr. Athol Stewart of Mount Stewart, Bathurst, left with other Australian V.A.'s for Ceylon 15 months ago, and met her husband six months ago.

"We decided to marry when I learnt we were returning home," Jane tells me. "We were married in a registry office, and Colonel McCartney, C.O. of the hospital and the C.O. of my husband's regiment were witnesses and Matron Baker, our matron, gave me away.

Jane says she intends to join her husband in England after the war.

Another bride who arrives in the same ship is Mrs. Austin Mackell, formerly Kathleen Rudkin, of Dubbo. Kathleen has been on service as a V.A. in the Middle East, and married Captain Austin Mackell, M.C., in Jerusalem, in July.

On her arrival she goes straight to Dubbo, where she is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Rudkin.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieutenant Paul Cahill, A.I.F., and his bride leaving St. Canice's after their wedding recently. Bride was formerly Pamela Parsons.



IN THE VESTRY. Gunner Ronald A. Morgan, A.I.F., watches his bride, formerly Nellie Fordier, as she signs the register after their wedding at St. Jude's. Rev. O. V. Abram, who officiated at the ceremony, looks on.



SHEEPSKINS FOR RUSSIA. Sending out books of tickets at their office in 6 Wynyard Street are members of the Sheepskins for Russia Art Union Committee. They are: Left to right—Madame P. B. Sautelle, E. S. Eldrid, G. C. Sautelle, T. E. McCallum (promoter), and M. R. Bushell.

NEW days leave this week for A.C.W. Betty Wade, who announces engagement to Sergeant F. J. Rafferty, A.I.F.

Betty is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wade of Bondi, and her fiance is the only son of Sergeant J. Rafferty, A.I.F. (abroad), and Mrs. Rafferty, of Sydney.

CONGRATULATIONS for Mr. and Mrs. Tim Mashman, of Strathfield, on the birth of their daughter. Mrs. Mashman, who was formerly Joan Precker, tells me she has chosen unusual name, Megan Sinclair, for her new daughter.

THE Home Nursing and First Aid classes, the 3rd floor of the Assembly Building, Margaret Street, arranged by the St. John Ambulance Association, have already begun for 1943. Classes are at 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. Mondays for home nursing, and 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and 7 p.m. on Thursdays for first aid.

Commander R. J. Bowen (BW6325) will give all details for those wishing to attend classes.

I HEAR that Betty Nora Zedson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Zedson, of Ashbury, is engaged to Signaller Arthur A. W. Ollerenshaw, only son of Mrs. S. Ollerenshaw, of Bankstown.



GYMKHANA. The Hon. Robert Loder wears a fly-net for a hat at gymkhana for the Berrida Home, Lord Mayor's Fund, and Women's Land Army.

WEDDING at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, for Joan, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hedley Terrey, and Major D. J. Shaw, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shaw, of Rose Bay. Bride is attended by Anne Thompson, and Dr. J. Thomas, of Newcastle. *Betty*



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KATHLEEN BEST, Controller of A.A.M.W.S. (left), has afternoon tea at Army headquarters with Captain Joyce Snelling, A.A.M.W.S. (centre), and Lieutenant Lynka Isaacson. Lieutenant Isaacson is public relations officer for army women's services.

Bright tonics for summer wardrobes



• Perky, home-made bonnet that is just a long funnel of red felt, tightly-ruched into a knot of black velvet ribbon.

• Classically simple style interpreted in dramatic colors. Could be made from a couple of old dresses or two large remnants of purple and green, and hectic pink grosgrain ribbon.

• Multi-striped poncho top will miraculously alter the appearance of a world-weary frock. This one is done in royal-blue dull crepe with top in lovely cool colors and bag to match.

• Here's one way of dressing an old suit and giving it an entirely new face. A front panel of blue overchecked tweed will work wonders for a purple suit.

Handiest thing in the house



Vaseline is the trade-mark of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. Soothing and healing for all skin irritations.

**fortuna
cloth**



*Where do YOU
belong...*

IN THE A.W.A.S. OR A.A.M.W.S.?

URGENT!
THE A.W.A.S. URGENTLY NEEDS TYPISTS. TRAIN NOW TO BECOME AN EXPERT TYPIST AND MAKE SURE OF A VOCATION AFTER THE WAR.

A.A.M.W.S.
DIETITIANS * NURSES * ING ORDERLIES * DENTAL ORDERLIES * GENERAL DUTIES

In the Australian Women's Army Service or Australian Army Medical Women's Service, is urgent vital work for every woman who is physically fit and between the ages of 18 and 45. The A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S. have proved conclusively that women can, with courage, intelligence and endurance, take over much of the work done by men, thereby releasing men for more active combat duties. No special talents are needed other than intelligence and natural alertness of mind and body. Good pay and conditions. Free Medical and Dental Attention. Applicants must not be disappointed if, in the national interest, they are not enlisted because of the importance of their present employment.

JOIN ONE OF THE SISTER SERVICES IN KHAKI . . .



• THE SERVICES THAT ARE "UNIFORMLY" SMART! Further particulars from the Assistant Controller of the A.W.A.S. or A.A.M.W.S. at your nearest capital city or at the Area Office in the Local Drill Hall.

Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out of sorts, have interrupted sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Anxiety, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or infection may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

AUSTERE... but so dainty

By PEG McCARTNEY

• The "Utility" and "Austerity" drives are tending to enhance rather than detract from the beauty of our undies.

OVER-TRIMMING is a thing of the past, tucks and frilling set here and there for no apparent reason have disappeared, and in their place we get really well-cut garments relying for their charm on fabric and color rather than on a lot of fussy trims.

White georgette nighties are the current craze. They have no trimming and are made with draped bodices, plain armholes, and flared, high-waisted skirts. Multi-colored pastel sashes with long streamers add a flash of color.

Pyjama suits are tailored to a T these days, and jackets are replaced by slip-on tops. Most of them feature short, tube sleeves and collarless V or square necks.

Most of the pre-war bed-jackets were far too long and far too fussy. Modern fashions



SHORT-SLEEVED, waist-length bed-jacket that fits the figure like another skin is made of cream quilted satin marginated with a plain band. It can be made from one of your glamorous pre-war evening gowns.

decree that they shall be on short, bolero lines with Peter Pan collar, finished with a matching pussy bow in either quilted artificial satin or lace with a soft lining. Short-sleeved boleros made from rows of narrow lace on net are trousseau highlights.

A new simplified bed-jacket has made a popular debut in England—these are specially interesting because they are so easy to make and to launder. They consist of a square of material edged with lace, with a large hole in the middle also edged with lace. The square is pulled over the head cornerwise so that two corners form the back and front of the jacket, the other two corners tied at the wrists with ribbons forming really comfortable long sleeves. When the ribbons are untied the jacket can be ironed flat. Simple, isn't it?

Bedroom hair-do's

EVEN if you have to go to bed with your hair in pins, you can still look lovely with a turban of pastel net.

For the shoulder-length bob, the new roll turban is a brilliant notion, because it looks charming and curls your hair as well! The chiffon or net should be a yard long and about a foot wide. Into this the hair is rolled as though being done up in old-fashioned curl papers, so that the material and hair make a coil round the head from a centre-front parting. Over this the two ends of material are crossed and drawn over the sides of the hair again, and knotted or tied in a bow at the back of the neck below the roll.

The favored fabric for undies is a very soft and fine artificial georgette, because it launders perfectly, and teams effectively with lace. Lace—although unrationed—is not particularly popular, although a charming new all-lace addition to modern trousseaus is the combination petticoat and panties known as the Pettipant.

Cami-knickers are replacing vest and panties and come in the finest spotted muslin that looks as delicate as froth, and wears like iron. Favorite colors are white or pale pink, spotted in cherry, blue, primrose, and mauve, with a multitude of velvet or satin ribbon threadings and bows to match the spots. For everyday wear they are often garnished with double frills of self material in place of the ribbon.



SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the latest nighties. This one is interpreted in mist-blue silk crepe, and features a high waistline and flattering gathered bodice. Both attractive styles are worn by Warner Bros. starlet, Elisabeth Fraser.

HARSH REMEDIES

add years to your looks



Just because harsh remedies may give you temporary relief—have no illusions what they're doing to you. Severe-acting remedies that "shock" your system into action, can undermine your health, steal your looks. Drop them at once—before more damage is done.

The safe way to correct your trouble is by getting at the cause of your condition—lack of "bulk" in your diet. These days, we don't eat nearly enough bulk-producing foods—raw vegetables, for instance, or raw fruit. Your system needs a daily supply of "bulk" for the internal muscles to work on. Without "bulk", these muscles

become slack and flabby—and irregularity sets in very soon.

Here's concentrated "bulk".

You simply must put that "bulk" into your daily diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a specially prepared cereal that gives you concentrated "bulk". It works in the same way as raw fruits and vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly! As Kellogg's All-Bran passes into the system the delicate internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonsfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak right in). In a week you'll be back to normal. No more harsh remedies. Get some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!

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Children Love Them

The Gentle and Effective LAXATIVE for CHILDREN

Standard Size, 1/7
Trial Size, 6d.

Better Speed SOONER
when you learn

SHORTER-hand



Mr. T. Stanley Summerhayes

Mildred Nicoll, a young Campsie student, reached 158 words per minute 3 weeks after commencing the theory of SHORTER-hand. SHORTER-hand was created by Mr. T. Stanley Summerhayes, Principal of the Metropolitan Business College, Sydney, since 1908, and an acknowledged expert in the field. He has made SHORTER-hand simplicity itself—easy to learn and use, complete and most reliable. It is accepted by the leading commercial and educational institutions. You can learn by DAY OR EVENING tuition, or by CORRESPONDENCE. Phone, B7921, or write to M.B.C., 4 Dalley St., Sydney, for free informative booklet.

Asthma Trouble Curbed in 3 minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly at night, eat anything you like, and feel fit again. It is so powerful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty packages. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guaranteed products you RELIEVES ASTHMA.

WHEN HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

REMEMBER

Crusader Cloth

MEANWHILE:

Buy £10 War Bonds

and War Savings Certificates



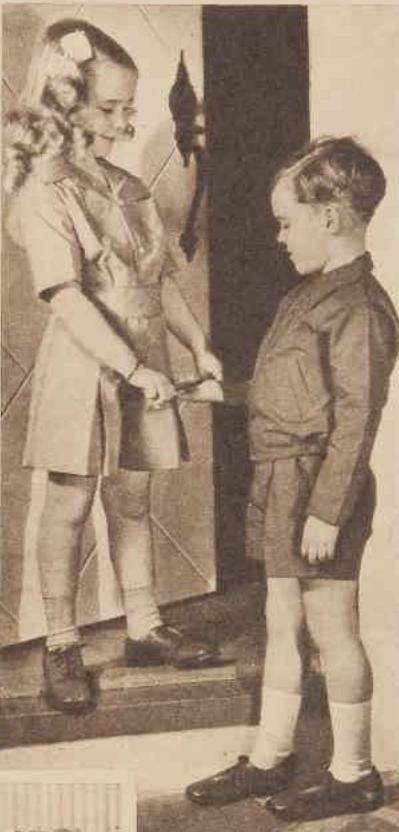
Wise Wives husband their BOVRIL

Just a dash for cooking, just the merest film for sandwiches, please. Owing to shipping difficulties Bovril is very short just now. Use a little less each time, and so help make it go round. A very little Bovril makes all the difference.

Trim, sturdy togs for youngsters



BIG SISTER has a trimly-tailored suit in heavy tan cotton, and her clever mother bought a little extra material and made an adorable pinafore frock for her other small daughter. They both wear their tailored white school blouses.



SENSIBLE—but pretty attractive—play-suits that are designed for fence-climbers and scooter addicts. The small girl wears daffodil-yellow poplin shorts and blouse and her young escort favors bottle-green shorts with a manly lumber-jacket to match.



JUNIOR defies heat-waves in cool white shorts and shirt of artificial shantung, made by British Celanese. He casts a critical eye at his young friend in her dainty blue and white floral frock with full skirt and puff sleeves.



ANY FOUR-YEAR-OLD would ent her spymach to possess this bright blue pinafore with flashes of gay embroidery at the waist. It might easily be made from one of mother's old frocks, and it's worn with a crisp white blouse.

Wear White for Safety in the Blackout



● Protect yourself against traffic accidents—wear white shoes. But remember—they must be **WHITE**... and that means Shu-Milk. It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that attracts the eye of everyone.

IN BOTTLES & TUBES, 6d. & 1/-

Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/2d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. F6822.

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto
REGISTERED
The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment, which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of "Elasto." Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the arteries become supple skin troubles clear up, and leg wounds heal naturally. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto".

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that "Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and Neuralgia."

"Elasto" has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO", Box 1538, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

F3378

Fashion PATTERNS



F3378.—Attractive little frock with effective use of contrast. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds. and 1yd. trim, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3352.—Dainty floral style with long-torso line and front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3377.—Smartly-tailored summer suit, ideal for every occasion. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2086.—Beguiling bolero frock for young things 2 to 8 years. Requires: 3yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.



SWEET as well as useful—
bib for baby. They come to you with the pattern traced on to crepe-de-chine.

BIBS FOR BABY

AVAILABLE in shades of pink or blue, also white, these three adorable little bibs (illustrated above) are traced ready to work on rayon crepe-de-chene with attractive embroidery designs to be worked in silk thread. Each bib is double. An ordinary dress "preserver" can be inserted between back and front. This makes the bib waterproof.

Price 1/9 each and half (1 coupon). Postage 3d. extra. Set of three for 5/- and 2 coupons. Postage 3d. extra. Please quote No. 312 when ordering.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

For you to make and embroider Smart two-in-one garment

No. 310.—This practical one-piece garment can be had from our Needlework Department in good quality rayon crepe-de-chene in attractive shades of pink, blue, mauve, and also white. Featuring uplift brassiere top and short briefs. Dainty floral motifs decorate brassiere and briefs. The pattern is traced onto the material—all you have to do is cut out and sew.

Sizes 32 to 34 bust (36 to 38 hips), price 10/11 and 8 coupons. Postage 6d. extra.

Sizes 36 to 40 bust (40 to 42 hips), price 11/6 and 8 coupons. Postage 6d. extra.

If you have your own material and would like a paper pattern only of these smart, material-saving "combi" please send 1/6 only. Quote No. 310 when ordering pattern or ready-to-make garment.

310



YOU'LL look sweet in this jacket. Details given at right.

SWEET BED-JACKET

THIS dainty yet practical bed-jacket (No. 311) will find many a happy wearer. It comes to you traced ready for making in rayon crepe-de-chene or a beautiful lingerie satin.

There's pink, blue, mauve, and white crepe-de-chene; salmon, magnolia, blue, and white satin. Dainty motifs for embroidery are traced on the material.

Crepe-de-chene bed-jacket, price 14/11 and 6 coupons, sizes 32 to 38. Postage 9d. extra.

In satin, price 19/11 and 6 coupons, sizes 32 to 38 bust. Postage 9d. extra.

Paper pattern is also available for 1/6.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CLARICE" is engaging summer floral

THIS dainty little frock has that fragile, summery air, yet it wears like iron. "CLARICE" is available ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself, and is designed in crepe in attractive tonings of blue, lemon, mauve, pink, and white.

The design is simple, with cool V neckline, bracelet-length sleeves, and skirt featuring front fullness. Inset tucked panels provide an attractive garnishing.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust: Ready to wear, 45/6 (13 coupons); cut out only, 35/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36 and 38-inch bust: Ready to wear, 48/6 (13 coupons); cut out only, 39/11 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9 extra.

How to obtain "CLARICE". In N.S.W., attach postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page in this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

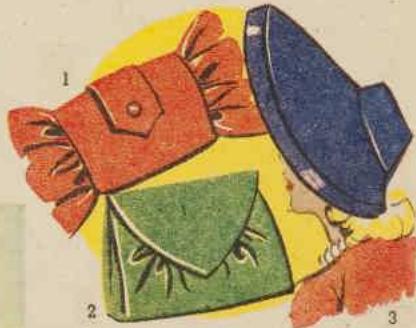


F2512

F2512.—Simple, yet ultra-flattering summer housecoat, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children give age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

Two smart handbags and a pretty hat.
No. 1.—Requires: 1yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires: 1yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: 1yd., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. A 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 135P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 135C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4928W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 23/1/43

Can you bear to go—

Without Stockings?

• You can if the skin is smooth, unblemished, and tanned to a nicely.

MEDICO and MARY ROSE (our Beauty Expert) get together on a vital question of the moment.

WITH silken hose supply fading away, more and more women are facing the momentous question: "Can I bare my legs—go out into the world stockingless?"

To the very youthful, it's good fun. They love going without stockings. And think of the worry and money saved! The majority have smooth, unblemished, and beautifully-tanned legs. Whether the tan comes from a bottle or loaned by old King Sol is no matter.

But there are others like Mrs. Strong . . .

"I tried to comfort Mrs. Strong," says Medico, "by telling her that going without stockings was healthy."

"That may be so," she replied, "but in my case it's unsightly. Look at those veins, and, as if that isn't enough, look at my ankles—they're huge."

Medico says:

MOST legs need some medical as well as beauty aid. Varicose veins, bruises, moles, puffy ankles, and knees don't lend themselves to stockingless days and short skirts.

Although doctors don't see so many cases of varicose veins these days, probably because women lead a more active life, the complaint is still too frequent.

Varicose veins are like many other complaints. Whether you will have them in later life depends on how you live in the twenty to forty years. A sound working rule is never to stand if you can sit, and never to sit if you can lie down.

Poor circulation, soft muscles, and an ill-balanced diet are predisposing causes of varicose veins. Avoid clothes that are too tight, and garters that restrict the proper circulation of blood in the legs. While constant standing weakens the veins in the legs, walking keeps them in good tone.

Some varicose veins can be cured by injections. All veins don't "take" especially when they are above the knee. They are sometimes too large, but they can then usually be cured by a combination of injection and a minor operation to ligature the top of the vein.

Bruises are always unsightly, and around the forties some women tend to bruise very easily. This is due to the skin capillaries being very fragile. Like the varicose veins they may be strengthened by a good diet, including plenty of milk, fresh fruit, and vegetables.

Hairy moles can be treated by a skin specialist either by electrolysis or by freezing with carbon-dioxide snow. The unshapely leg is more difficult to treat than the disfigured one. Puffy ankles may be due to the varicose veins, to old sprains, to flat feet, or to more serious conditions. The ankle which is always turning over is apt to be puffy. The trouble is usually adhesions following a sprain.



Where you have a puffy ankle and a poorly-developed calf, the leg tends to be the same thickness from knee to ankle. Get the ankles put right first, then develop the calf muscles by skipping or dancing.

Mary Rose says:

SUPERFLUOUS hair is the most general—and most obvious—leg problem. The solution is a simple one—razor and pumice. If you've lots of money and time you might have those long dark hairs removed by electrolysis, but as only twenty to thirty hairs can be removed at a sitting—well, figure it out for yourself. A wax treatment is an alternative idea—if you can get that much wax!

Here is the way to free your legs of unsightly hair: Soap the legs with a nice firm lather. Now wield the razor with a long sweeping action from ankle to knee. One leg takes two minutes.

On the following day, and on every day after, soap your legs in the bath, and, using a gentle, circular motion, massage the legs with pumice. It won't hurt, because you're not trying to remove hair with the stone. You're just preventing the new hair from reappearing above the skin surface.

If your legs are free of hair, and yet the skin is coarse and "goose-fleshy," clear and refine them this way:

(1) Tone up your general circulation; (2) spend a minute or two massaging legs from ankles to thighs at least twice a day.

(2) Mix one level tablespoon of kitchen salt with two tablespoons of salad oil, and just before your hot bath, massage your legs with the mixture. Repeat at weekly intervals until the legs are smooth (use salt only if you cannot get oil; castor oil would serve).

(3) If the clogged pores which are the cause of goose-flesh prove stubborn, scrub every day in the bath with a little sandsoap, and when the skin is dry massage with oil or hand lotion.

Now for tanning: Stick your legs in every bit of sun that's going. If your skin is the tough sort sponge it with vinegar to hasten tanning, otherwise rub on a tan-inducing cream, oil, or lotion.

SKIN SORES?

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you have killed the germs that live in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

OBTAI DOUBLE LIFE from SHOES



Feed the leather with 'NUGGET'

Don't add the brush into the polish, dip it lightly over the top and give your shoes that last trick rub with a soft cloth.

USE IT SPARINGLY
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY
SERVE ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES

What would you do?



ALLEYNE LESLIE answers some questions concerning THE ENGAGED GIRL

A.: No. 2 is correct. See that you're never caught in such a spot with smoky, faded make-up. Always put your powder over a bewitching film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Then you'll look fresh as an English rose and, incidentally, have that "ex" quietly kicking himself for not clinching the deal when he might have had the chance.



Q.: The Dream Man has come into Ruth's life and there's a sparkling solitaire on her finger. When he smiles at another female, should she—

1. Retaliately by attracting the attention of other men?
2. Give him enough rope to hang himself?
3. Assert herself and get possessive?

A.: Definitely No. 2, but make sure you hang on to the other end of that rope, Ruth! When he compares you with any rival let him see how much softer and more adorable is YOUR complexion. Never neglect that mighty cleansing with Erasmic Cold Cream. That's the first step in having the kissable, flower-fresh skin all men love.



Q.: The engagement's announced. And there they are, Judy and husband-to-be. Who gets the congratulations—

1. Judy?
2. The lucky chap?
3. Both?

A.: The man only, of course. But if Judy follows the Erasmic routine for glamour, there'll be many who'll whisper sweet compliments to her as well. Erasmic makes most men think: "What a stunning girl" and THE man whisper: "Darling, I never knew anyone COULD be so lovely!"



E3636

Page 25



Last night I felt awful

Gently and naturally, while you sleep, a dose of Beecham's Pills taken at bedtime will correct any digestive upset and relieve a sick headache. When morning comes your system will act as nature intended and you will feel in the very best of health. In this purely vegetable laxative you have a safe remedy for ninety per cent. of daily ills—so get some Beecham's Pills right away.

THIS MORNING I FEEL FINE!

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes. 40 pills 1/-
120 pills 2/6

Worth a Guinea a Box

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 23, 1943



Readers share good recipes

• Win cash prizes every week in our popular competition.

*A*VE you discovered a new recipe idea that suits the weather and the budget. If so, send it into our weekly competition. It may win you a prize!

The fruit butters that win this week's first prize are delicious sandwich spreads. They can also be heated as a sauce for sweets. Or try a fruit butter as a pancake spread, or as a filling for pastry tartlets. They are invaluable as reserve pantry stock.

The sharp steaks, marinated and then grilled, are very tender. Have you tried slicing each small steak, and inserting a thin slice of kidney or a wafer of onion, or an oyster? M-m-m!

The savory pig's head gives a vicious jellied brown. Have you tried a spray of rosemary bush in the cooking water?

Add a hint of chopped bacon to the Welsh liver patties. I'm not sure why they are called Welsh. The spiced cherry relish is a piquant addition to a meat salad. The jellied squares can also be a last-minute addition to a curry or hot meat casserole.

FRUIT BUTTERS

(For luncheon spreads, etc.)

Prepare small containers. Weigh the fruit, wash and cut up roughly. Cook gently with a little liquid, just sufficient to prevent burning, until tender. Simmer gently until the

sputtering begins. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to 1 cup of puree. To test when done: Put a little on a plate and stand till cool. If liquid does not separate it is done. Combine different fruits and flavors thus:

Apple and Tomato: One pound apples, 1 lb. tomatoes, rind of 1 orange.

Apple and Banana: Proportion, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 lemon.

Apple and Mint: One pound apples, 2 cups chopped mint leaves, 1 cup vinegar. Sieve before adding sugar.

Apple and Date: Four ounces dates to 1 lb. apples, and juice 2 lemons (no sugar).

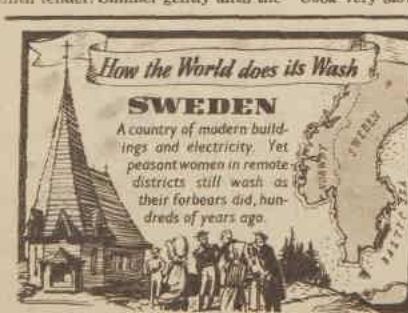
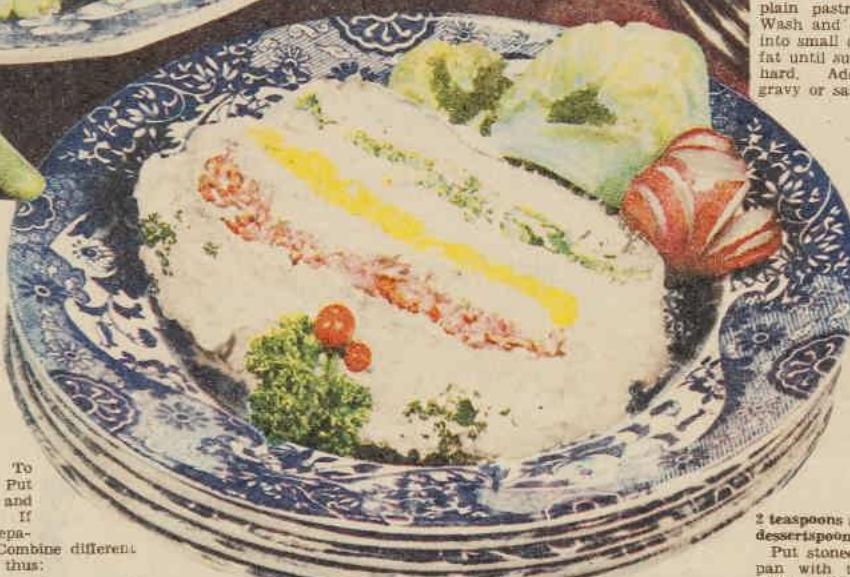
Pear Butter: Lemon juice, ginger or cinnamon to taste.

Passionfruit: Two ounces butter, 1 passionfruit pulp, 1 lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water. (Cook to test.)

Plum Butter: Vinegar is used in place of water. (Nice with cold lamb.)

Raisin: Cook 2 lb. raisins until they will go through a colander. Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon sherry. Cook till the test is given.

Lemon: Two ounces butter, 1 pint water, 1 pint of strained lemon juice, 3 eggs, 1 lb. sugar, rind of 2 lemons. Cook very slowly until thickened.



Picture of a supper triumph

FOR a week-end supper there is nothing more delicious and satisfying than a salad sandwich loaf, such as pictured here, with its coating of sour cream cheese. As you know, the bread is cut lengthwise (crust removed, of course), then buttered and put together with any desired savory filling. Variety is the spice of life, so whip in various kinds of spreads and be lavish with them. After coating your sandwich loaf set it on a pretty dish and garnish with artistry and then sit back and enjoy the applause of your guests.

cooked, strain and mix well with mashed pig's head, adding sage, salt, and pepper to taste. Put in a basin and leave to set. Ideal for lunches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thomas, 197 Pitt St., Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

WELSH PATTIES

Take 8oz. liver and a few leftover cooked peas. Make a piece of plain pastry and line patty tins. Wash and dry the liver and cut it into small dice, fry these in a little fat until sufficiently cooked but not hard. Add a little thick brown gravy or sauce, a seasoning of pepper, salt, and cayenne, a few cooked peas, and a drop or two of lemon juice. Make the mixture hot, and with it fill the lined tins. Cover with another piece of pastry, and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

SPICED CHERRY RELISH

One cup stewed cherries, 1 cup cherry juice, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 cloves, 2 teaspoons allspice, 1lb. cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon powdered gelatine.

Put stoned cherries into a saucepan with the sugar, fruit juices, spices (tied in muslin), and vinegar. Simmer ten minutes. Add gelatine melted in 1 cup hot water. Stir well and pour into shallow dish. When set, cut into squares and serve with poultry or meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Dorothy Reeder, 19 Moorookyle Ave., Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

PARSNIP OR TURNIP PUFF WITH CHEESE MERINGUE

Two egg-yolks (beaten slightly), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1/8th teaspoon mace, 1 cup milk or cream, 3 cups hot mashed parsnips or turnips, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 egg-whites (beaten stiffly, but not dry).

Combine beaten egg-yolks, salt, pepper, mace and milk. Mix well. Add butter and vegetables, beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Put into a greased casserole, add the syrup to the egg-whites, fold in the grated cheese until well blended. Pile on top of vegetable in the casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes until the meringue is browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, Koowarra Tee, North Largs, S.A.





Making most of the roast

Cold cooked meat and twice-cooked meat retain their food value. Use up the last of the roast in the ways suggested below. The recipes are weather-conscious and also light on the purse.

By OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

JHE wise and busy woman plans her menus so that she spends the minimum of time in the kitchen in summer.

Remember you may as well eat cotton-wool as twice-cooked vegetables, but reheating does not affect the food value of meat.

Cold collation is an old-fashioned menu item, but it is given new meaning with the meat salads suggested on this page. Recherche little meat entries are also included for the hot course of a light summer dinner.

MEAT SALAD SERVICE

Try the following cold meat salads and then be prepared to make them again.

Thinly-sliced cold beef with carrot straws that have been crisped in cold water; celery curls, shredded lettuce and mayonnaise to which chopped hard-boiled egg and grated radish have been added.

Sliced cold lamb with thin pineapple slices, tiny new minted potatoes and lettuce wedges. Dress the lettuce with lemon juice or vinegar and a salad cream is not required.

Cubed cold veal, mixed with diced orange. Serve in orange cases and top with mayonnaise, to which a little onion has been added.

Diced mutton and diced cooked potato served on lettuce leaves and

topped with a minted mayonnaise. Serve tomato slices.

Minced cooked meat, mixed with shredded cooked beetroot. Serve with salad cream and sliced hard-boiled eggs.

FRUITED MEAT MOULD

Cut left-over roast lamb into small pieces and combine with diced pineapple and orange. Season with a little chopped mint. Dissolve gelatine (1 dessertspoon to 1 cup) in a mixture of fruit juice and water.

Add to the meat and heat when it begins to thicken. Chill in a loaf-tin or small individual moulds. Turn out and serve with crisp lettuce leaves.

BEEF AND SALAD SANDWICH

Slice cooked beef very thinly. Cut nine thin slices of brown bread. Spread the bread with butter and a savory relish or very thinly with horseradish sauce.

Cover the first slice with beef, the second slice with finely-shredded salad vegetables such as lettuce, carrot, or turnip, the third slice with beef again, and garnish the topside with a slice of tomato and an onion ring. Serve with crisp lettuce leaves.

For luncheon or supper:

SUPPER SALAD LOAF

Dice left-over cooked meat into about 1-inch cubes. Combine with equal quantity or more of left-over cooked vegetables, such as diced potato, carrot, pea, string beans

and haricot beans. Moisten with mayonnaise to which has been added 1 teaspoon of gelatine dissolved in 1 cup of boiling water to each cup of mayonnaise. Season to taste with chopped parsley and Worcesterhire sauce or lemon juice. Place in a greased loaf-tin and chill. Turn out and serve with salad greens.

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS

Choose medium-sized long green cucumbers. Wash and parboil for 5 minutes, drain and cool. Slice a strip off lengthwise and scoop out, leaving as thin a shell as possible. Combine the cucumber from the centre with cooked minced meat and sufficient well-flavored white sauce to bind. Sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs and grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes.

MINCED HAM SALAD PATTIES

Make small cases of shortcrust or pastry. Allow to become cool. Mince ham finely and moisten with mayonnaise or well-flavored white sauce. Shred lettuce finely and flavor with a hint of onion. Fill each pastry case with a nest of lettuce.

Place a spoonful of creamed ham in the lettuce nest and sprinkle heavily with finely-chopped parsley.

CHILLED CORN BEEF MOULD

Chop cooked corn beef thinly, roll and slice across in 1-inch slices. Mix these thin strips of beef with shredded raw turnip. Pile in the centre of a salad dish and top with thick mayonnaise cream. Sprinkle liberally with chopped parsley. Surround with crisp lettuce leaves and tomato wedges set at regular intervals around the meat mayonnaise. Serve with brown bread and butter rolls on which the chutney has been spread.

PICKLED PLUMS give color and piquant flavor to this dish of individual meat loaves. Serve with crisp, chilled salad.

LAMB AND SPRING ONION SOUFFLE

Make one cup of thick white sauce. Beat 2 egg-yolks into it and then add 1 cup of finely-minced cooked lamb and 1 cup of thinly-sliced escalopes. Season to taste and add the 2 stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into a buttered oven-proof dish and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. Turn out and serve cold in slices with vegetables whipped into a good cream mayonnaise. Crisply-cooked cold bacon is delicious if crumbled added to the mayonnaise, and served with the liver paté.

TOMATO MEAT LAYER MOULD

Cook tomatoes until soft, with about 1 tablespoon of water to each tomato. Rub through a sieve and dissolve 1 teaspoon of gelatine in each cup of puree. Moisten minced cooked meat with stock in which gelatine to the same proportion has been added. Season carefully. Set the tomato puree and moistened meat in layers in a wetted loaf-tin. Turn out when firm and serve with salad greens.

CHILLED ASPIC CUTLETS

Make a sharply-flavored aspic jelly with stock (or water and meat extract), gelatine, lemon juice, seasonings, and herbs. Strain through a fine sieve or muslin and allow to lightly set. Braise, grill or steam lamb cutlets. Trim and place on a flat dish. Spoon the nearly-set aspic over the cutlets. Chill until firm. Trim edges neatly and arrange cutlets on salad platter with salad vegetables. Garnish with chopped aspic jelly.

JIFFY BEEF SALAD

Slice cold cooked beef thinly, roll and slice across in 1-inch slices. Mix these thin strips of beef with shredded raw turnip. Pile in the centre of a salad dish and top with thick mayonnaise cream. Sprinkle liberally with chopped parsley. Surround with crisp lettuce leaves and tomato wedges set at regular intervals around the meat mayonnaise. Serve with brown bread and butter rolls on which the chutney has been spread.

LIVER PATE WITH SALAD MAYONNAISE

Parboil a lamb's fry for 10 minutes. Drain and dry; mince and add to it 2 or 3 rashers of minced bacon. Add a little minced onion, pepper and salt, and a beaten egg. Pack in a greased loaf-tin, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. Turn out and serve cold in slices with vegetables whipped into a good cream mayonnaise. Crispy-cooked cold bacon is delicious if crumbled added to the mayonnaise, and served with the liver paté.

VEAL AND HAM PIE

Lime a loaf-tin with a good shortcrust pastry. Place in it layers of cubed veal steak (raw), finely-minced ham, and sliced, hard-boiled egg. Moisten well with a good white stock dissolving in it 1 teaspoon gelatine to 1 cup of liquid. Water flavored with meat extract, herbs and seasoning may be used. Cover with shortcrust. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat to very slow (300 deg. F.) and cook for further 11 hours. Allow to cool in tin turn out. Serve cold sliced with salad.

ICED FRUIT CURRY

Slice fruits in season, such as apricots, figs and plums, measuring about 3 cups. Saute in butter one dessertspoon of onion. Add the fruits, stirring well. Add 1 dessertspoon or to taste of curd powder and a dessertspoon of lemon juice or vinegar.

Make 1 pint well-flavored white sauce, and to it add 1lb. finely-chopped ham and 2 cups finely-minced cooked lamb, veal or rabbit. Season carefully. Pile this creamed mixture on to an entree dish and sprinkle heavily with chopped parsley. Surround with a border of the curried fruits. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedge and serve very cold.



FORD PILLS prevent constipation and the congestion that causes women needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain concentrated extracts that provide the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

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Unbreakable
Tubes
2/6 and 1/-
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FORD PILLS

Smart wearables for next to nothing



THIS SMART JACKET was made from pieces of silk that had been tucked away for many moons in a reader's scrap-bag. The silken scraps are beautifully matched and, as you can see for yourself, the garment has an exclusive air about it.

Readers tell how they saved clothing coupons by utilising scraps of material and worn or outdated articles.

At right you see a very attractive "torso" blouse, which Mrs. Lergessner, of Brisbane, made from an unwanted pair of Chinese embroidered and drawn-thread pillow-shams.

The shams measured 32 x 22 inches. A favorite blouse pattern was used and placed on both shams to the best advantage. The only outlay in cash was for buttons, cotton, and a scrap of lace.

As this was one of the entries in our recent coupon-saving contest, it will be forwarded Mrs. Lergessner.

ANOTHER bright idea is shown at left. Made from left-over pieces of silk, this jacket features a waist-coat front with gathering from the yoke. Although the pieces were all of different colors, Mrs. W. A. Conlan, of Northcote, Vic., has managed to blend them perfectly. With the aid of a blouse pattern this finished article cost nothing except for thread.

The sum of 5/- will be posted Mrs. Conlan for this idea.

ONE of the nicest aprons entered in our contest was made from bits and pieces selected from a reader's scrap-bag. These scraps were artistically matched and bound to tone. Miss Olive Benzer, of Annerley, Qld., receives 5/- for her enterprise.

Mrs. G. A. Grant, Kewa, Vic., has saved many coupons by knitting up the daintiest of baby vests from scrap wool. She also made a sunbonnet from best parts of old curtains, and receives 5/- for her ingenuity.



THIS LOVELY BLOUSE was made by a reader from a pair of pillow-shams.

Reconditioned gloves

MISS PAULINE APEL, of Monto Line, Qld., has sent along a splendid idea for utilising old gloves, and collects 5/- for her enterprise.

She had a pair of gloves with worn finger-tips, another pair with damaged hands. She cut off finger-tips of No. 1 pair and joined to No. 2 pair just below fingers and at wrist, after the middle of each damaged hand had been cut away. Result, a new and attractive pair of gloves.

Gloves of different colors can be used with smart effect.



TWO PAIRS of old gloves; one pair gone at finger-tips, other at hand and wrist, made these gloves.

THE darling dress shown below with its smocked waist and embroidered yoke and skirt was made by Mrs. E. F. Newton, of Uranquinty, N.S.W., from woollen vests that had worn under the arms. The hem of the frock and cuffs were finished off with crochet, neck and sleeves with baby ribbon.

Mrs. Newton will receive 5/- for this coupon-saving suggestion.

ANOTHER reader, Mrs. E. F. Vale, of Alpha, Qld., wins 5/- for her coupon-saving idea — a boy's dressing-gown made from a discarded dressing-gown. Mrs. Vale forwarded us a photograph of her little son proudly wearing his new garment.

NOTE TO READERS
More coupon-saving ideas selected in our recent contest will be published at a later date.



DAILY TASKS

can build you up, not wear you down, if posture is good. Make beds with weight on forward foot, knees relaxed, back straight. Try to keep your chin up and your back straight—whether you're standing, sitting, walking, writing or ironing.



IF YOU, like most women, feel it's a patriotic duty to keep fit, remember the importance of POSTURE. If your posture is habitually poor, your lungs don't absorb all the oxygen they should and your bloodstream is correspondingly devitalised; your digestion suffers, your stamina is reduced, you feel and look about half as well as you should.

Good posture, on the other hand, will give you more energy, help you to digest food properly and your stomach, liver, heart and intestines to keep in better shape. Not only that . . . you feel fine! You are more poised and confident. Other people have more confidence in you.

A SIMPLE TEST: Stand with back to wall—head, heels and shoulders touching it; hands by sides. Press buttocks down against the wall. If posture is good the space at the hollow of your back should be only about the thickness of your hand. In facing the wall your chest should touch first.

CORRECT WALKING: Stand against the wall as for first posture test. Throw greatest weight on balls of feet. With chin up, chest high and abdomen contracted, step out, swinging legs from hips; toes pointing in a straight line ahead; left hand moving forward with right foot, and vice versa.

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EDUCATIONAL SERIES—NO. 1

BRITISH CHIEF

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC
THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



England's new utility furniture...



THE NEW TYPE of bed evolved by experts. It is very wide and very low. No mirrors to the wardrobe, you'll note. The bedside table is square—and austere. No carvings, no veneers are used to-day in England.



UTILITY FURNITURE for the kitchen. The old Welsh-style dresser, so homely, with its display of china, or burnished copper, has disappeared. The 1943 English kitchen will be strictly utilitarian.



NEW TO ENGLAND, but not to Australia—the removable chair-seat. Note curved front. Wood is unpolished oak.

Cups without handles, dual-purpose kettles

IN England thousands upon thousands of pounds' worth of furniture, plus priceless period pieces, have gone up in smoke during the past three years.

Out of the smoke and havoc wrought by bombs, however, has arisen a new type of furniture for the English—austere, but comfortable.

And as bombs and blast and fire and smoke were no respecters of china, glass, kitchenware, and the like, experts have replaced the shattered with something quite new for general usage.

The pictures on this page show some of the new furniture, table, and kitchenware. They were taken at the first official showing of furniture in London.



A TEA SERVICE on show at the official display of utility furniture in London. The teapot lid fits the milk jug, and can be used as a coffee pot, while the lid also fits the cups, which can be turned into jam-containers, etc. No handles on the cups. The kettle shown above can also be used as a saucepan.



THE DINING-ROOM suite shown above is very modern, very smart, and decidedly attractive. Dining chairs, you'll notice, have slightly curved backs and movable seats. The Pullman-like lounge chair looks and is decidedly comfortable. One could relax in a chair such as this.



Be Sure of Your LOVELINESS

Use Odorono Liquid to stop perspiration for a week or more, and free yourself of this old problem.

Odorono Liquid itself is odourless and fresh—it leaves the skin dry—and odourless.

"Regular" is the surest perspiration corrective ever made. "Instant" is milder for women with especially sensitive skin. Both are the result of a doctor's own prescription.



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'SCOMOL' Vitaminised Fish Liver Oil

THE BASIS OF BETTER HEALTH - GIVING EMULSIONS AND MALT-AND-OIL EXTRACTS

"Scomol," known to medical practitioners and pharmacists as Australian produced Oleum Vitaminatum B.P., has completely superseded previously imported fish liver oils as Australia's No. 1 supplier of body-building protective vitamins. To-day, almost without exception, the better emulsions and malt-and-oil extracts are fortified with "Scomol" to provide the vitamins necessary for the development of sturdy bone structure, to ensure vigorous growth, to raise resistance to infection, and to vitalise optical membranes and skin cells. "Scomol" is indispensable to growing children and convalescent or work-worn adults. You can always rely on "Scomol"-fortified products, for every gramme of "Scomol" is warranted to contain 1000 International Units of Vitamin A and 100 International Units of Vitamin D, and being bland, without the penetrating taste of cod liver oil, is more suitable for children and patients with a revulsion to strong fishy tastes.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

He will gladly recommend the "Scomol"-fortified emulsion or extract best suited to your needs.
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Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of Chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/-, and 5/9.



COLORFUL RANUNCULI, or buttercups, are bright and good mixers for the spring show.



GOLDEN TRUMPET DAFFODILS, harbingers of spring, easy to look at and to grow.



STOCKS flower in winter in the warm parts of Australia. They are good cutters.

Color, fragrance, and beauty FOR YOUR GARDEN

• Plant these now and in the drab days of late winter and early spring you'll reap a harvest of glory . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

*I*LLUSTRATED on this page are five varieties of colorful flowers which will help the gardener to make the home gay inside and out during late winter and early spring.

Some of them, with a little more than ordinary care, will extend their color and fragrance even into the summer.

Ranunculi are deservedly popular as bedding plants because of their brilliant range of color and many beautiful forms. They are obtainable in single, double, turban,

and camellia-flowered types, and in each class the color range probably runs into scores.

The claws or small tubers of this useful flower can be set out in the garden any time between now and May, and should flower in late August, September, or October, according to the climate and time of sowing.

Daffodils grow everywhere in Australia except the warm, tropical areas. For cold climates, alpine areas, and all southern points they are ideal. The bulbs are moderately hardy, subject to few pests and diseases, and the flowers are beautiful, fragrant, and last well after cutting.



SHRUBBY CALCEOLARIAS. A bit delicate in warm places, but always gay and showy.



TRITOMAS, or red-hot poker. A strong-growing herbaceous plant that flowers for months of the year.

+ + +

In cool districts they do well outdoors if set in position after late frosts have ceased.

As pot-plants they make ideal specimens, and bear big trusses of blossoms for several weeks. The hybrid varieties, raised by crossing the dwarf, shrubby types, are the biggest and best of all.

Tritomas or kniphofias, commonly called red-hot pokers, are

perennials which can be divided and set out during summer months. They grow very quickly, and, being extremely floriferous, may be depended upon for some bloom for many months of the year. Gardeners growing them from seed should bear in mind that they cross very readily, and all kinds of unwanted sorts may often come from the one packet.



You are
the one he
depends on . . .

You, Mother, are the most important person in your child's existence. Yours is the responsibility of seeing that his diet lacks none of the vital elements necessary for robust health and sturdy growth.

Horlicks is a complete food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% body building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full

cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

Calcium . . . essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones . . . is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks produce extra energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion.

Children love Horlicks. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things, without overloading the stomach.

Horlicks is so economical too. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/- or handy glass jars, 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

HORLICKS



In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food containing the necessary foodstuffs for old and young, ill and sick. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced firmly.



HORLICKS

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Help for the mother-to-be

PREGNANCY is a natural event, and during that period the average normal mother-to-be feels more radiantly well, more uplifted, more fit both physically, mentally, and spiritually in her co-operation with Nature for bringing life into the world than during any other period in her life.

However, pregnancy does put an additional strain on the various organs of the body, and if there are any weak spots, or if simple rules of health have been neglected before or during pregnancy, complications can sometimes occur.

Nature puts out certain "danger-signals" when these are threatened, and it is as well for every expectant mother to recognise these signs and symptoms and see her doctor at once. He can usually order simple treatment that will rectify these troubles as they occur.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 40988 W.W.G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

AT MAKING GUNS
(THE NEW TYPE OWEN)
BEN'S MARVELLOUS
WHEN HE GETS GOIN'



"MY WORK'S CONCERNED WITH GUNS," SAID HE.
THE OLD MAN BARKED:
"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"



BUT QUITE HIS WORST JOB
OF THE WAR
WAS FACING HOPED-FOR
PA-IN-LAW



"THOSE HANDS JUST SHRIEK
YOUR JOB, MY LAD
USE SOLVOL
FORE YOU CALL ME DAD!"

ALL HANDS
TODAY
NEED -



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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"THAT'S a lie,"

Alleyn snapped.
"No petrol," the old man insisted. He slowly prepared to put out his nets. "I fish now," he said at length. "You swim from here. Then I go back."

Alleyn frowned and tried to think it out. "They'll kill you, if you go back," he said. "Why didn't you tell me there was no petrol?"

Marcel shrugged indifferently. "You think I'm an old fool," he said. "If the Germans found me with the guard, they would kill me. But not if I am fishing and then go back alone. I didn't see the guard. That is why I did not tell you the petrol was low. Now you can swim to England and let me alone."

"Swim?" Alleyn gave a harsh laugh. "You know I *can't* make it from here, even if there were lights and a small boat."

"If you stay in the boat and we don't go back, a patrol will search for us," Marcel grunted. "They listen at the lighthouse."

The choice had been thrown at him, and yet there was no choice. Alleyn lit his storm lighter and glanced at his watch. "Seven five," he said. "How long has the tide been going out?"

"Twenty minutes." "We'll drift with it," Alleyn said shortly.

The boat drifted past mid-channel, carried as though the tide were some powerful, unseen hand reaching up from the sea, grasping the keel and guiding it.

The long night passed. A few hours before sunrise, a chop creased the surface of the sea, and the mist drifted over the channel. Neither man had slept. Each had listened above the tongues of the sea for the sound of patrol boats and in the extended silence and night chill each had regarded the other: Alleyn with alert caution; Marcel with uncertain animosity.

Something was changing in the old Frenchman. It was either levelling off his bitterness or deepening it. Alleyn wasn't sure. As the flood tide shunted them

to the edge of the Goodwin Sands, and the short slack set in, a nervous excitement welled within Alleyn.

They were but a few miles from the dark, fog-bound English coast. He ordered the engine started.

"You see," he said. "The tides aren't only for swimmers, old man. From here we can use what petrol we have to reach Dover. We're going to make it after all."

Marcel stooped beneath the whaleback. The engine grunted as the flywheel spun. It coughed again, then its uneven throb vibrated through the small boat.

"You're heading for Dover?" Alleyn asked. He held the carbine again.

The old man remained deaf. His eyes lifted and met Alleyn's, giving his first uncertain smile. He said, "I'm an old man, Alleyn. Until now I was too old for wars, but you make me take sides. I should like to be on Laura's side . . ." He was silent for a moment, then added, ". . . and on yours."

Alleyn let the carbine slip and reached forth, gripping the old man's arm warmly. There was only that sign of emotion between these two men in the boat, but it was deeper, swifter and stronger for its suddenness.

Suddenly Marcel's body grew rigid. An instant later, from beyond the starboard stern, Alleyn heard the hollow drumming of a patrol boat. He wheeled towards the whaleback to cut the engine when he saw a pocket open in the drifting fog. A black roaring shape shot across it, swept past the small boat's stern and on into the swirling mist.

"Naxis!" Alleyn's indrawn breath cut a thin echo.

"They've seen us. Don't stop the motor." Marcel's voice was vibrant and hoarse. "We'll run the Sands."

A burst of machine-gun bullets sprayed into the night while a

searchlight reached out haphazardly. The little boat's gunwales swallowed as it ploughed forward into the rougher waters over the Sands. Here the enemy craft couldn't follow with its deeper draft.

"The engine," Marcel called at last.

Alleyn cut it. Somewhere to the right he heard the patrol ship circling at a reduced speed, groping in and out of the pockets of fog. He peered uneasily at the sky. The fog was drifting westward slowly. Suddenly his heart gave a wild lift as he caught sight of the English

whaleback from the bow and the little boat danced like a cork, flames licking up along the boat's bow.

Alleyn made out Marcel's squat figure hunched in the small boat as if the old man were frozen there.

Suddenly, gunfire ripped the canvas whaleback from the bow and the little boat danced like a cork, flames licking up along the boat's bow.

The petrol tank had caught, he realised bitterly. And the old man hadn't learned. He had been trapped by his own stubbornness:

"It's the water, Marcel!" Alleyn shouted furiously. "Dive!"

The old man hadn't heard. He seemed not to want to hear. From the small boat a finger of blue light curved skyward, blossoming brightly at its zenith in a shower of wavering stars. The patrol cannon boomed again.

Again the finger of light curved heavenward. . . . Rescue rockets. Alleyn followed the rocket's flare and he felt a sense of trembling in his brain, a quick realisation of mingled joy and remorse.

He held back his emotions and knew that his shouting from the sea meant nothing to the old man crouching there in the tiny boat, calmly firing the rocket pistol over and over. Marcel's face was turned towards England now, without bitterness. He was fighting, at last, for the channel as it used to be. It sent a sick, rolled ache through Alleyn as he swam alone in the sea, unable to help.

AGAIN, the enemy cannon fired. Suddenly the tiny boat opened like a flower in the sun. A vivid explosion, then a blinding sheet of flame blotted its shape—a direct hit. A moment later there was nothing but shattered bits of wood floating idly where the boat had been.

For an instant, Alleyn's blood ran cold. The Nazi patrol now turned its cannon towards the half-submerged canvas whaleback that drifted towards him. Then, as though frightened, the boat suddenly curved off and roared towards France without having fired. Looking towards England, Alleyn saw the reason—a low, trim crash boat approaching through the distant fog banners.

He swam to the torn whaleback and clung there, feeling beneath him the tug of the tide on his legs. Somewhere also, the same current held. Marcel—Marcel who had known his tides and realised that someone had to stay and fire the rockets to beat them. Now, as he swam across the broken sea, watching the rescue boat draw near and seeing the first melting glow of the true dawn break across the English cliffs, he no longer felt the cold of the channel.

His heart warmed and he thought of Laura. Of being able to tell her that Marcel had finally understood. She had known that some day he would.

(Copyright.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



coast, the chalk shoulders of South Foreland's cliffs rising above the channel.

Then he saw Marcel staring sceptically towards the dim shore and the channel surface. The old man looked as if he were reading it. "The slack and ebb tides are short this season," Alleyn heard him say. "The ebb is already running. It goes down the coast. You might make it. You're not a good swimmer, but you're young. I'm too old. The ebb runs only another hour, then it turns back towards France."

"Nonsense. We'll make it together," said Alleyn.

He yanked a cork lifebelt from beneath the bench and tossed it at the old man.

"Here, put it on," he ordered. "Get clear of the boat, quickly, Marcel. Get out there in the water and stay as wide of the boat as you can. The Nazis may think we went down with it when they sink it. I'll try for the coast and bring back a crash boat to look for you."

He began stripping off his own heavy black uniform. Quickly he opened a drum of thick, crude oil and began greasing himself with it.

"It should be lanoline," he heard Marcel muttering with old-man fussiness. "Only lanoline keeps out the sea's cold. . . . Remember, you must swim hard. It's very cold."

"All right, old man," Alleyn gripped Marcel's rough hands warmly. "Keep clear of the boat and be off before they blow it. Pray we make it, and stay afloat." He turned to the rail.

The water was heavy, dark and full of the nauseating tang of brine. Its first numbing shock slid over him, held out by the oil, as he came to the surface and sighted the coast ahead. He struck out towards it without looking back.

At times the sea rolled him. He now thought of swimming and nothing else; the length of his stroke, his breathing.

It was only after he had gone a few hundred feet that he sensed the current drawing him back. That awareness grew until he realised that something was wrong.

"Swim hard," Marcel had said.

He quickly realised what had happened. He had been tricked by an old man's treachery. Marcel never made mistakes on his tides. All along, the old man had known that the ebb current had run out and this was the neap tide which threw swimmers away from the English shore.

A sharp, cold anger blotted the awareness of his own danger from his mind and he turned, straddling water. The fog had lifted, letting the sky throw a solid, bleak morning half-light over the broken sea. To his right he saw the long, rakish deck of the Nazi ship. Figures crowded the foredeck. He saw them

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